Life

ALIBI CONTEST

See Page 11

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A Wet Smack

JULY 28, 1927

PRICE 15 CENTS

Smartness

Smartness that catches the eye on any boulevard . . . . .

Buick is best compared with the striking styles of the latest fashions. Buick today is the choice of those who invariably own the smartest thing in motor cars.

Buick

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT · · · BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Old Briar

TOBACCO

"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"

"It came, and is the best tobacco I ever smoked!" Justice——*

Such convincing praise for Old Briar Tobacco from such a pipe smoker means far more to you than anything we can say. Old Briar is bringing back to pipe smokers all of the old peace, contentment, satisfaction and solid comfort of pipe smoking. Vast multitudes—men whose opinions may be divided on a thousand subjects—are united on this wonderful smoking tobacco.

Light up *your* pipe—filled with Old Briar Tobacco. Draw in its ripe fragrance, its full, pleasant aroma. Smoke it awhile. Enjoy its natural tobacco taste, its rich body. Notice how cool it is—and how extra smooth.

Years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending and generations of tobacco culture have gone into the production of Old Briar Tobacco. Step by step Old Briar has been developed—step by step perfected.

Of all the pleasures man enjoys, pipe smoking costs about the least.

TO DEALERS: *Old Briar is sold in sealed Pocket Packages at 25c and sealed boxes at 50c, $1.00 and $2.00. If your jobber has not supplied you, write us and we will send you a supply by prepaid Parcel Post at regular Dealer's prices. Every box and package of Old Briar has our unlimited guarantee.*

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U. S. A.

*The above unsolicited praise is from a judge who used this coupon ☞

IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT HAVE OLD BRIAR

Mail this coupon to United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

SPECIAL OFFER: So many thousands have found so much extra enjoyment in a pipeful of Old Briar, it is a guarantee to you that you, too, will find it is the best tobacco you ever smoked. On receipt of this coupon with your name and address, we will mail you the regular 50c size of Old Briar Tobacco. In addition we will send you a 25c package of Old Briar—extra—if you send us your dealer's name. Send no money, but pay the postman only 50c when he delivers the tobacco.

Print Name .....

Address .....

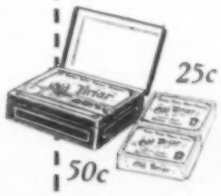
City and State .....

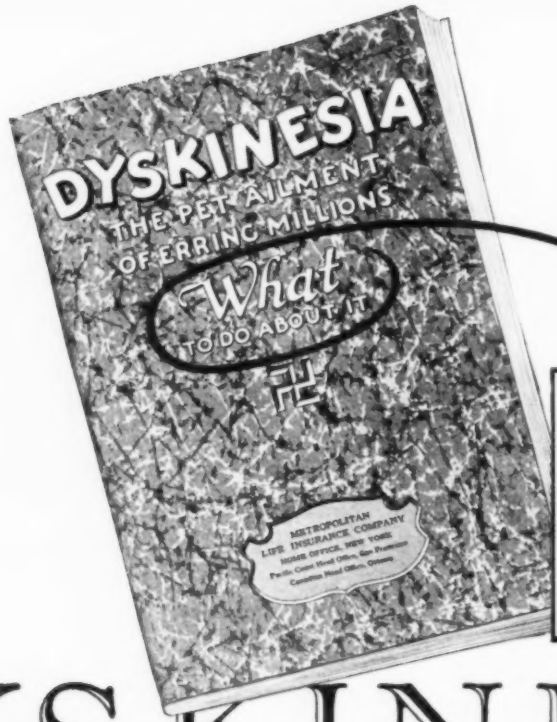
Your Dealer's Name .....

Address .....

If you prefer—send stamps, money order or check with coupon.
Tear out coupon now, while it's handy.

LF—7-2-27





Send this coupon today

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Avenue
New York City

Please mail without cost to me a copy of the booklet, "Dyskinesia", which tells how to avoid and how to overcome intestinal sluggishness.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____

J-1

DYSKINESIA

IT is safe to say that Dyskinesia—pronounced Dis-kin-ees-ia—causes distress to more persons than any other physical ailment.

Dyskinesia makes people old before their time. It is a cause of dyspepsia, sick headaches, colds and inflammation of the intestines. When neglected it may induce or aggravate rheumatism, gall-bladder trouble, disease of the kidneys and other serious maladies.

For the millions of sufferers from this ailment here is good news—

Dyskinesia is both preventable and curable, but not by drugs, many of which at first relieve but later make the condition worse than it was.

The successful treatment for Dyskinesia is based on an understanding of health habits that can easily be acquired by almost anybody. In its splendid fight for better health and less sickness, medical science can be given credit for another great victory.

Every family should send for a copy of the helpful booklet, "Dyskinesia". It tells in plain English how a vast amount of needless distress and serious illness can be prevented.

The booklet, "Dyskinesia", one of the latest printed by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, will probably be of value to more people than any booklet this Company has ever offered for free distribution.

The Metropolitan, since the inception of its welfare work, has printed and distributed more than 400,000,000 booklets and pamphlets dealing with the cause and prevention of most of the common diseases which afflict the people of the United States and Canada. The free booklet service is an important part of Metropolitan work for the promotion of health and the reduction of mortality.

The Metropolitan strongly advises all readers of this announcement to send for a copy of "Dyskinesia". It will be mailed without charge.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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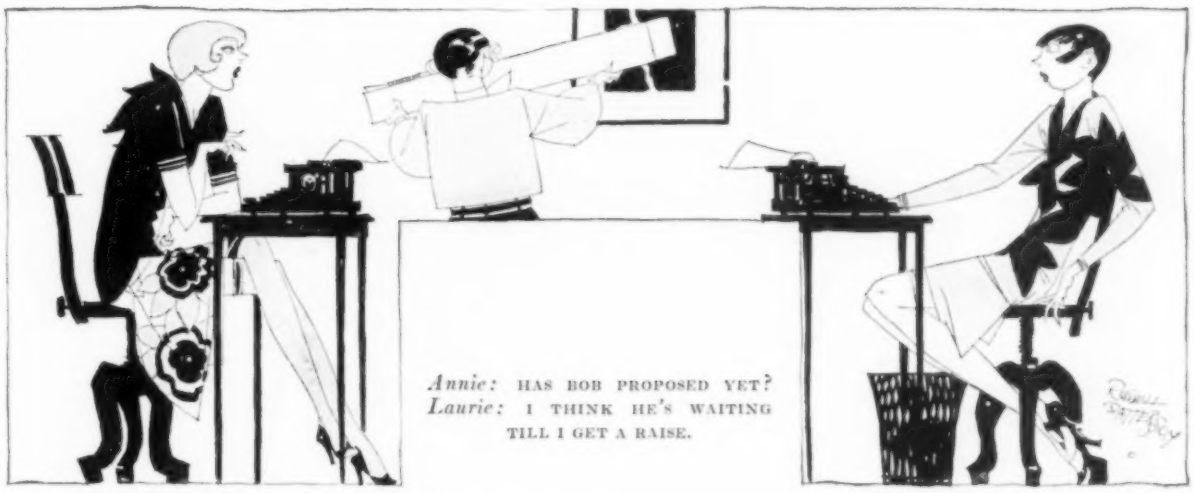


Annie: HAS BOB PROPOSED YET?
Laurie: I THINK HE'S WAITING TILL I GET A RAISE.

Hints on Honeymoon Camouflage

LET the bride carry along pictures of a brace or so of her older sister's infants to be displayed upon the bureau at all stops and shown all acquaintances in public places upon the slightest provocation. (*Warning*—The Exhibit must be accompanied by the relation of three or more fond and pointless anecdotes concerning the deeds and remarks of the children pictured. Otherwise the ruse will be immediately discovered.)

Let the bridegroom display a studied neglect of the bride after the manner of a veteran married man. (*Warning*—This method has its perils. After a masterly display of acting, the bridegroom may be cruelly accused by the bride in private. Among her ill-founded charges will be: "You don't love me any more!")

Atlantic City as a place of honeymooning is apt to be a betrayal. If the couple must go there, let the bridegroom enter the bride in a beauty contest as Miss Someplace-or-Other, displaying magnificent indifference (publicly only) when she fails to win.

Paris is the ideal destination for honeymooners who do not wish to be recognized as such. In that divorce capital, a bride would have to sport a wreath of orange blossoms to convince people that she was still serious.

F. D.

Still Another American Tragedy

THE ACROBAT'S PARTNER WHO FAILED TO CATCH THE HANDKERCHIEF.

Second Thought

IT must be fun to be a breeze
And blow about the silk-clad knees;
But, still, on second thought, no, no—
A breeze can't say where it shall blow,
And many knees, without a doubt,
Are nothing much to blow about.

Extras

CRAWFORD: How is it you ask so high a rental for this one-room apartment?

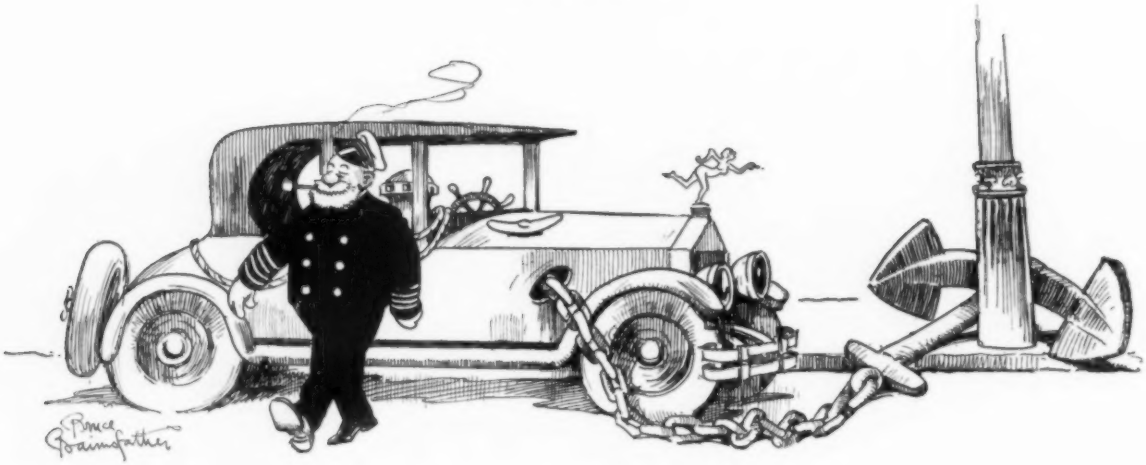
REALTOR: It includes parking privileges in our private garage for two cars.

Have a Care!

LANDLORD: I've called for the last time! Pay that rent now or I'll throw your stuff right out on the sidewalk!

TENANT: Sir, you do that and I'll have every installment house in the city after you!

SIGN observed on a Ford: "Spirit of St. Vitus."



THE RETIRED SEA CAPTAIN PARKS HIS CAR.

Back to Nature

OSWALD J. GUBELBERG, president of the Little Gem Derrick and Chocolate Éclair Manufacturing Co., pushed a button on his mahogany desk.

Immediately a buzzer sounded in the secretary's anteroom, where the attentive ear of the Buzzer Listener caught the signal and informed the Chief Secretary that her presence was desired in the Throne Room.

"'Morning," barked Oswald as the girl appeared before him. "What've you got?"

"Here's a report from that advertising expert," replied the secretary. "He says he's got an excellent program for an outdoor advertising campaign. He plans to put a big sign right across the end of that road on the mountain, where the cars now stop to get a view over the valley; he says people can't help seeing it there. Then he's going to stretch a banner across the face of the Rainbow Falls in the park, where he estimates 40,000 men, women and children will see it every day. He's also got the option for putting signboards every two hundred feet along the lake shore drive — when folks try to look at the lake, they can't help seeing your advertisements. Is that satisfactory?"

"O. K. as a starter," boomed Gubelberg, "but I wish he'd get the right of way for a line of posters on the cliffs; nothing there now but a lot of wild flowers. Anything else?"

"Yes," answered the secretary; "here's a report from the caretaker of your estate up at Mortgage Manor, saying a man, his wife and two children had a picnic lunch by your lake Sunday afternoon."

"What?" shouted Mr. Gubelberg. "Order ten private watchmen, arm 'em with shotguns, get two dozen police dogs, and don't let no one trespass like that again. The idea! Eating a picnic in my woods by my lake—they'll ruin the place. Ain't people got no regard for nature?"

A. C. M. Azoy.

Terry: WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING SO BORED AND MOURNFUL ABOUT?

Jerry: SOME FRIENDS OF MY WIFE'S ARE PLANNING A PLEASANT SURPRISE FOR ME TO-NIGHT.

As Spelled

"MY name's Jitcob."

"I didn't catch it."

"Jitcob!"

"Eh?"

"Jitcob, J-i-t-c-o-b—J as in Arkansas, I as in head, T as in Chinamen, C as in look, O as in circle and B as in hive."

HEAVEN, to a movie actor, is a land where everything that your press agent said about you comes true.

He: SHE'S CHARMING, ISN'T SHE? SO DELIGHTFULLY OLD-FASHIONED AND CONVENTIONAL.
She: YES, SHE'S TRIED EVERYTHING ELSE.

"Those Things Have to Work Themselves Out"

SHE: What do you *really* think of all this criticism of the younger generation?

HE: Well, in a way I s'pose it's justified.

SHE: I s'pose it is, isn't it? But don't you think people have always been the same, sort of?

HE: Yes, I guess the younger generation to-day isn't any worse than it ever was.

SHE: I s'pose it isn't, is it? But I don't think young people used to drink as much as they do now, do you really think they did?

HE: No, I guess not.

SHE: I really think the way everybody drinks now is terrible, don't you?

HE: Absolutely!

SHE: I wish there was something you could sort of *do* about it, do you know what I mean?

HE: Well, I s'pose those things just sort of have to work themselves out.

SHE: I s'pose they do, don't they? But I think drinking will have its effect on the next generation or something, don't you really think it will?

HE: Yeah—because most of the booze you get is terrible.

SHE: I s'pose it is, isn't it? Gosh, I wish there was something you could sort of *do* about it, but I s'pose those things just sort of have to work themselves out, don't you really think they do?

L. M.

"HERE'S JES' DE JOB FO' YO', IKE! CULLUD MAN TO DUST SEATS IN A REST ROOM."

Incredible

"THEY say Fred is horribly bashful."

"Bashful! Why, he asked me the other day if lipstick had any flavor."

WHO remembers when a girl could wear a sash without hiding her skirt?

"WHAT'S THE EXCITEMENT?"
"THREE PEOPLE WERE JUST FROZEN TO DEATH IN THAT NEW ICE-COOLED MOVIE THEATRE."

Proper Place

FIRST WOMAN: How is your husband?

SECOND WOMAN: He's in the dumps most of the time.

F. W.: What is his occupation?

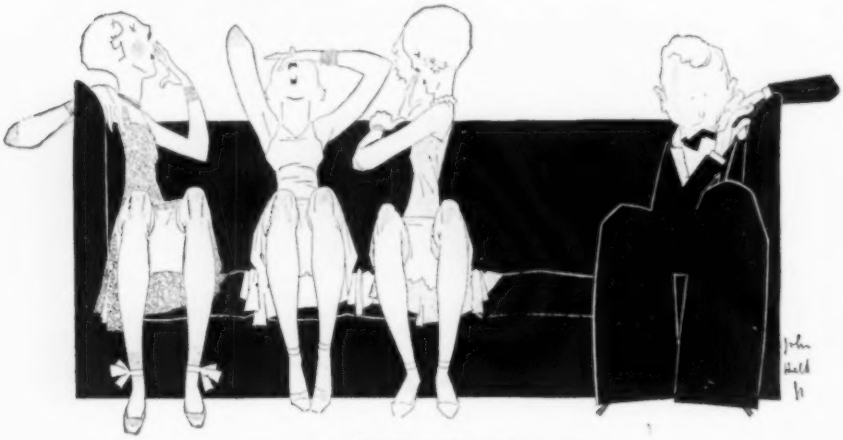
S. W.: Garbage and junk collector.

That's Settled

WIFE: I think we should have a new car.

HUSBAND: I'm perfectly satisfied with the old one.

WIFE: Fine! Then I can have the new one.



A MEETING OF THE BORED.

O Tempora! O Morons!

I GIGGLE uncontrollably
To think how in the Nineties they
Would weep at "Break the News to Mother";
And then I hear my modern brother
Sob out the latest tragic lay
Of mammy down in Tennessee.

Thank Heaven we are past the times
When Comstock waged his war against
That innocent, insipid "Sappho."
Yet loose no quick, ironic laugh: oh,
Look: Sumner's frenziedly incensed
By our unbridled drama's crimes.

The Temperance Leagues, in '99,
Were perfect screams; they sought to prove
One glass of beer led to perdition.
But nowadays there's Prohibition.
You break the nation's law if you've
An urge to take a sip of wine.

Three decades back they cried "Skidoo!"
The couples "spooned"; the men got "boiled";
They "bunny-hugged" at their quaint dances.
We now say, "So is your Aunt Frances";
We "pet," we're "tanked," and who's not toiled
To learn the mad Black Bottom through?...

I love to thumb the moldy page
Of yesterday—it gives me glee;
But far more comic (though less pleasant)
Is it to view the vital present.
How awfully dumb they used to be!
How much more dumb the current age!

Simonetta.

Registering Rage

HOLLYWOOD is still talking of the Director who, wanting to get a bit of realistic anger acting from a phlegmatic actress, handed her a notice of the ten per cent. salary cut just before he began to film the scene.

One Man Who Doesn't Worry About What to Do with Old Safety Razor Blades

Sword Swallower from the Circus: THAT BLADE WAS MUCH TOO DULL TO SHAVE WITH—I CAN TELL BY THE WAY IT WENT DOWN.

I Have Faith

I HAVE faith in Massachusetts. I believe that the State that staged the Boston Tea Party; the State that turned back the Redcoats at Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill; the State that gave the world Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau; the State that nurtured John L. Sullivan, Boston brown bread, Harvard, Jack Sharkey, and yes! the Watch and Ward Society; I believe that that State will be consistent. It cradled American liberty and I believe it will rock it to sleep.

Tup.

News to Her

NADINE: There goes Mrs. Dash, the best-dressed woman in America.

LUCIENNE: Huh, I didn't even know she was *chic*.

THE current song hit, "Muddy Water," refers, it should be explained, to the Mississippi River and not to the Scotch whisky now being served in night clubs.

The Newspapermen Report Their Own Golf Tournament

WHAT was said to be the sixth annual golf tournament of the local Press Club is alleged to have been held yesterday on the Meadowbrook Links, according to reports reaching here last night.

More than sixty-eight men participated in the tournament, it was learned from confidential sources, and authoritative reports give the name of the medalist as Joseph Zilch, known to police as city editor of the *Pest-Dispatch*.

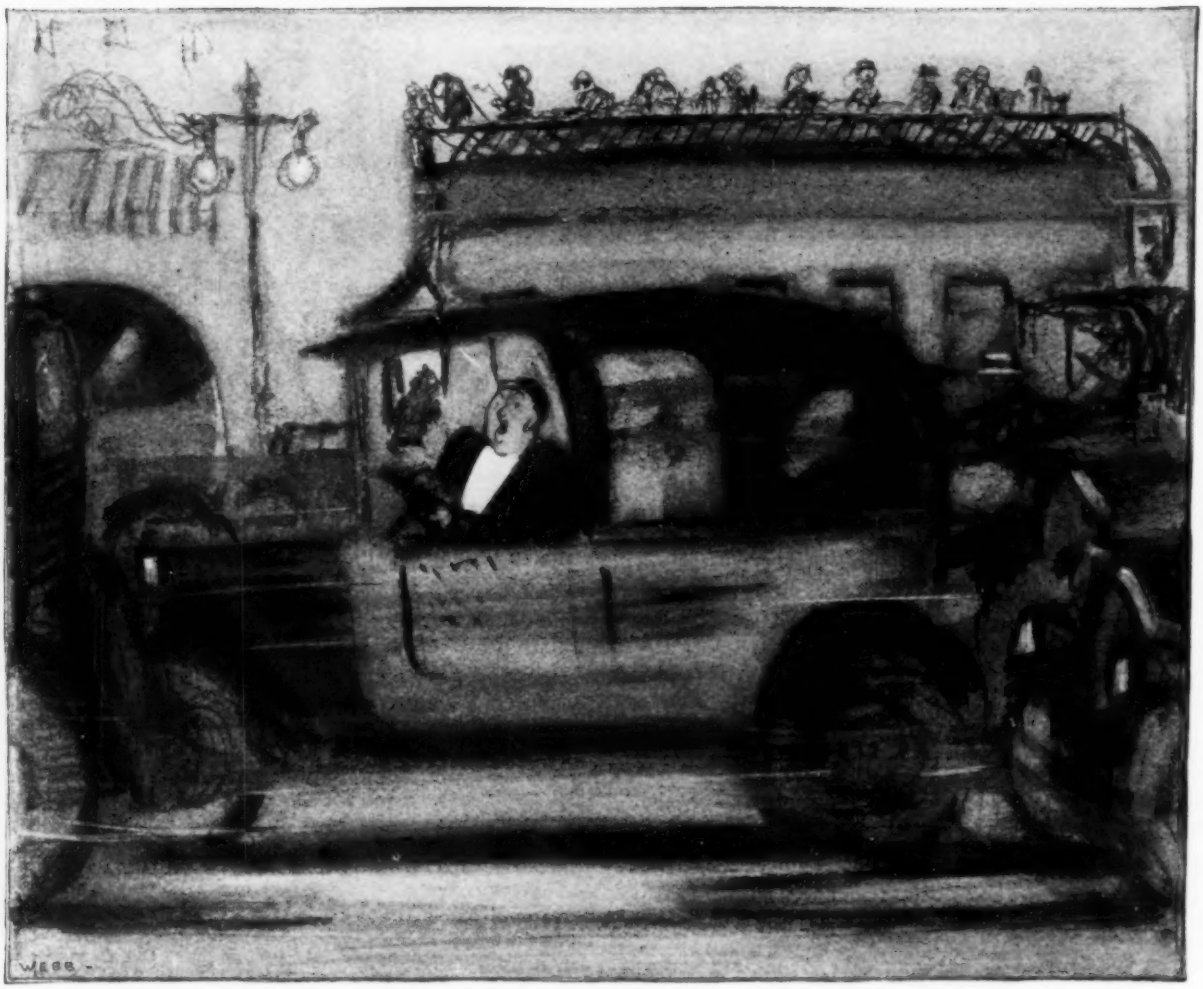
"PULL Y'R SKIRTS DOWN, GLADYS, WHEN MOTHER COMES. Y'KNOW WE'RE NOT OLD ENOUGH TO HAVE LEGS YET."

Clothes which their wearers fondly imagined were smart golfing togs were dragged out for the occasion, it is understood, and at least one man is represented as pulling on a Fair Isle sweater and announcing himself as the Prince of Wales.

The reason for this manœuvre, according to one high in the confidence of newspaper men, was a previous visit to the locker room. Sensational evidence was uncovered last night by confidential investigators pointing to the fact that the locker room, throughout the day, was more popular than the putting green.

The City Room Spokesman, when interviewed at the clubhouse after the tournament, would neither affirm nor deny these reports, and the golfers themselves would not—and could not—say a word. *Tom Carskadon.*

Daughter: FATHER, I AM DETERMINED TO HAVE A CAREER.
Weary Father: ALL RIGHT. PICK OUT SOME NICE ONE YOU'LL LIKE AND I'LL BUY IT FOR YOU.



"HI—JOE—CAN YA BEAT IT—I GOTTA COUPLE IN 'ERE AN' THEY AIN'T NECKIN'!"

If Barber Shops Were Run Like Beauty Parlors

"HELLO, is this Nick's shop? This is Mr. Taylor speaking....Mr. Taylor! From the First National Building. That's right. Can you give me an appointment for a shave next Friday morning at eleven?"

"Sorry, Mr. Taylor, but Doctor Humphreys has eleven o'clock booked for a hair cut. How about quarter to two Friday afternoon?"

"Nope, can't make it. Gotta get shaved before noon Friday. Taking a big buyer to lunch. Say, Nick, suppose I came in on my way to the office about half-past eight Friday morning—do you think you could take care of me?"

"'Fraid not, Mr. Taylor. Got an appointment at eight sharp to trim Mr. Fletcher's beard."

"For goodness sake, Nick, I must get shaved Friday morning. We have no hot water at the house and you've just got to make the time for me."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Taylor—you get here about ten o'clock and I'll try to squeeze you in for a quick once-over, but don't breathe a word of this to Mr. Smithers over at the bank. He's been phoning for a Friday shave appointment all morning. Just come in the side door and take chair number two. I'll do my best to take care of you."

"Thanks, Nick, very much."

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Taylor—always anxious to accommodate an old customer."

Arthur L. Lippmann.

What's the Idea?

NOBODY knows when he is well off, for here are Boston, Detroit, Indianapolis, Cleveland, San Francisco, Miami, Washington, Atlanta and Houston all bidding for the 1928 Democratic Convention.

"WHAT'S happened to Johnson? I hear that he's in the hospital."

"Yes, he was shot at a mystery play."

In the Best American Stage Manner

The Breath of English Drawing-Room Scandal Is Made Audible

BASIL: But of course one doesn't mean to hint that a certain lady—

ROYCE: But of course not, dear boy! Quite unthinkable, and all that. Still, one can hardly—er—

"Hardly, unless one—"

"Oh, I say now, I stick for cricket, but it's hardly plausible—"

"Dashed if it is, now you mention it; I dare say one ought—"

"And risk—?"

"Jove, you're right at that!"

"One mightn't say as much if—"

"No, nor even if—"

"Not even—?"

"H'm—"

"But one *would* like—"

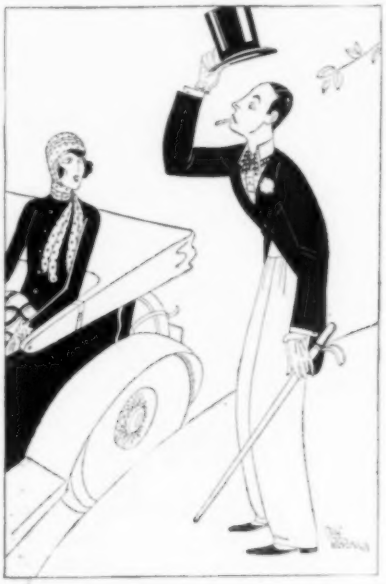
"He would indeed, and too—"

"By all means, when one already knows she—"

"Royce!"

"It's what one hears—"

"And it's known that—?"



"DO HOP IN, NOEL, AND RUN OUT TO THE RACES WITH ME."
"CAN'T DO IT, OLD DEAR. I'M BEING MARRIED THIS AFTERNOON."
"OH—WHAT A BORE!"
"YES—ISN'T IT?"

"Calm, lad; in any event, it's hardly as if—"

"I dare say not, but it's more than a bit of a shock, her—"

"You go so far?"

"I—dash it all, yes! But, Royce, if any one guessed I'd told you—"

"Basil, old fellow, how could you! Not a word to a soul, of course."

Wayne G. Haisley.

For the Duration

THE family had gathered at the front door. The father had a sad but determined look on his face. The mother and the children, except the two-months-old baby, were in tears. The father tenderly kissed them one by one. Then he said: "I've amply provided for you all during my absence. I've made arrangements with the State University for the children's higher education, and I hope to be home in time to see the baby take his Master's degree. Good-by, good-by, and God bless you!" And then, with tears streaming down his face, he marched away.

He was going to the public links across the road to play eighteen holes of golf.

"WHY DO YOU THROW THE FISH BACK IN?"
"IT'S THE ONLY FISH IN THE POND AND I WANT TO TRY MY LUCK AGAIN TO-MORROW."

Hopeful

THE output of pennies by United States mints in the first six months of 1927 was 175,847,000. In exchange, optimists succeeded in extracting thirteen pieces of gum and four of chocolate from slot machines.

THE HOG-CALLING CHAMPION IS LOST AT SEA.

"AND WHAT DID MOSES DO WHEN HE HEARD GOD'S VOICE COMING OUT OF THE BURNING BUSH?"
"SENT IN AN APPLAUSE CARD."

In the Henry Ford Manner

"I HEREWITH apologize for the attempts of my generals and other officers and men to suppress the revolution instigated by the American colonists. Owing to my manifold duties as King of England, I had not had an opportunity to learn that America had even been discovered. (*Signed*) GEORGE III."

* * *

"I BEG to assure my good friends in the South that there is no truth in the report that I wish to free the slaves. Although it has been called to my attention that I signed some sort of Emancipation Proclamation, I hasten to explain that I did not have a chance to read the document, through pressure of other business. (*Signed*) A. LINCOLN."

* * *

"THERE is a general misapprehension, which I desire hereby to correct, that I was responsible for the World War. Being much occupied at the time (1914-18) posing for my portrait (you know how these photographers are), I was not aware that a war was in progress. I'm very sorry it happened. (*Signed*) KAISER WILHELM II."

R. E. S.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

July 7th At home again, after protracting the Fourth holiday pleasantly in Cooperstown, and greatly depressed over the bills which did accumulate in our absence, in especial the one for the black straw hat which I do know I shall never wear, forasmuch as I am convinced it does make me look like a yeoman of the guard, or something, albeit it seemed quite suitable in the shop and all beholders do speak it fair. Impressed, too, with the fact that our ice company does now enclose an addressed envelope for the return of its remittance, the best step yet, methinks, in its long-winded campaign against artificial refrigeration. But I was indeed astonished to find that two tiny communications, which looked like birth announcements or invitations to a children's party, were from big, strong men trying to sell real estate, showing the depths to which the commercial mind now stoops in order to conquer. To luncheon with some of our Crony Club, where there was much discussion of the transportation scandal over the last week-end, the crowds in the Grand Central alone bearing out Mrs. Browning's "A holiday of miserable men is sadder than a burial day of kings," and Tim Ebbsmith told how his father, having waited patiently in a line of fifty-odd several days before in order to get tickets for Lamb's Lake, had forgotten his destination by the time he finally reached the window and had confided to the clerk that it was a lake named for some animal, but it was no good, and he must needs do the whole thing over again. All this evening over Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Lost Ecstasy," a story in which the love of an Eastern maid for a man of the Great Open Spaces is taken very seriously indeed, and such being the case, I could have done with considerably more of Aunt Bessie, the only character in the book with any humour, and so impressed was I with her habit of grimacing before mirrors in order to limber up her facial muscles that I do purpose to try it myself, and then, mayhap, I shall be more successful in keeping my moods out of my expression than I now am.

(*Continued on page* 31)

PRIZE WINNERS

ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-EIGHT

Stern Father: I CASHED THIS CHECK FOR YOUR HUSBAND, AND IT'S COME BACK MARKED "INSUFFICIENT FUNDS." WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

Young Married Daughter: WELL, DAD, YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY . . . *It says "insufficient funds" on our check because we kept an insufficient check on our funds.*

This Alibi, which wins the first prize of $50.00, was submitted by

Miss K. E. Wallace,
1547 *Sunset Boulevard,*
Los Angeles, California.

Second prizes of $10.00 each have been awarded to the following:

Oliver A. Helderle, *St. Louis, Missouri,* for the Alibi: "John is so witty and this is just one of his snappy come-backs."

R. D. Mead, *Portland, Oregon,* for the Alibi: "Hubby knows how hard it is to get money from a bank but he thought a shrewd business man like you could do it."

B. M. Loeb, *Norfolk, Virginia,* for the Alibi: "It must be a mistake. All Henry's checks come back marked 'No such account.'"

Mrs. P. O. Poole, *Hendersonville, North Carolina,* for the Alibi: "He was so blue and I suggested that he forget everything and make believe he was back in college, and he did."

Walter Wobus, *Trona, California,* for the Alibi: "When it comes to cashing checks, it's a wise father who *NOES* his own son-in-law."

ALIBI CONTEST

Conditions of the Contest on page 28

$100.00 Weekly in Prizes

PICTURED below are two lovable young people who have just been having a little chat, or something.

For some reason, the lights have been turned out. They have just been turned on again by the girl's father. Girls' fathers are often incredibly thick-headed in their attitude toward lovable young people who like to have little chats, or something.

They are always demanding explanations.

The daughter, portrayed below by Mr. Leonard Holton, is in the position of having to furnish an explanation, an excuse, or—as we have nicknamed it—an Alibi.

Assist her, in twenty-five words or less, to complete the answer which she has begun. If your conclusions are sufficiently clever and ingenious, you will be a prize-winner. Prizes are as follows:

First Prize, $50.00

Five Second Prizes of $10.00 each

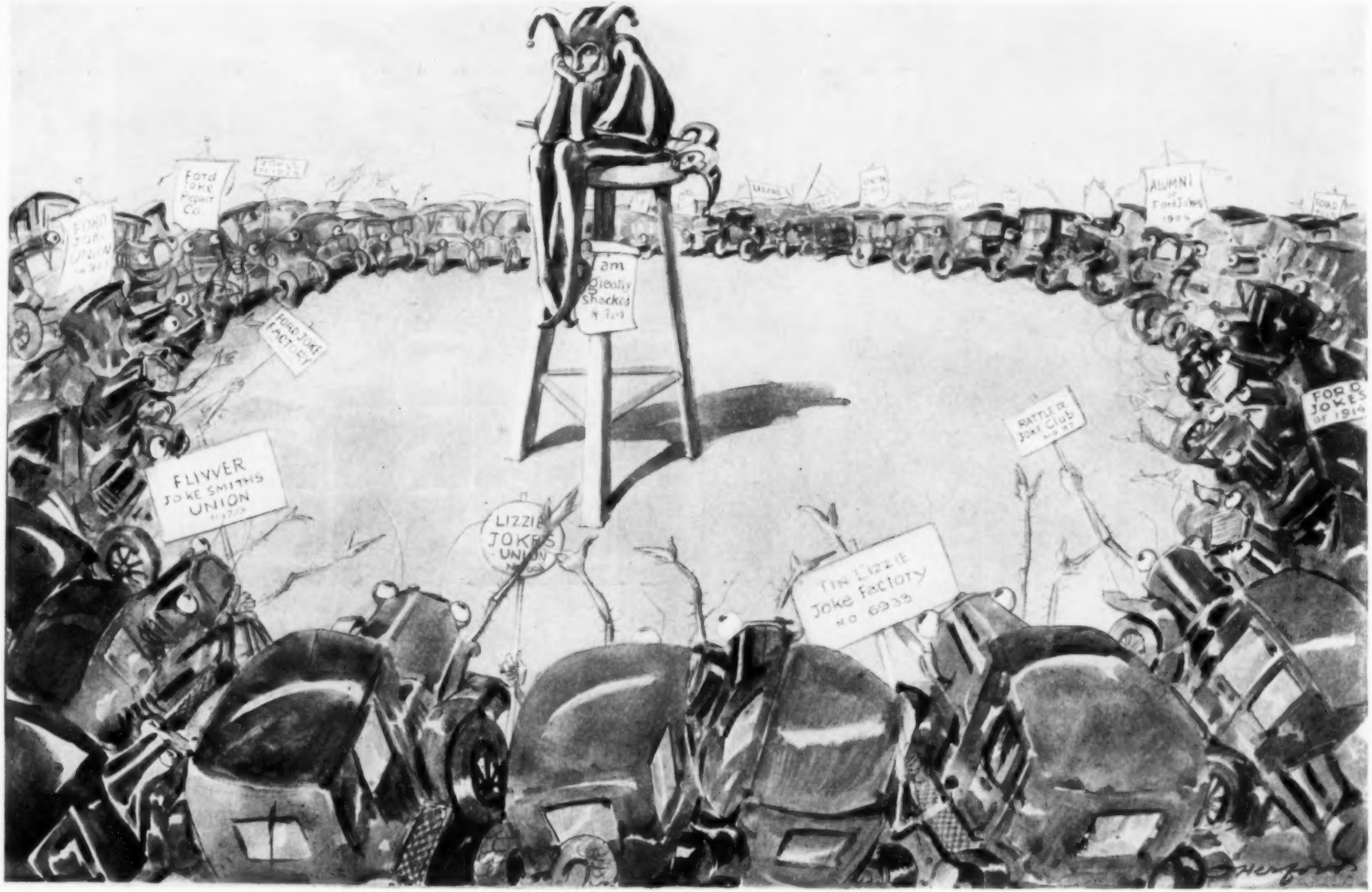
ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-FOUR will be published in Life next week, with a new set of prizes offered.

Read the conditions carefully—and go to it!

ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-THREE

Father: WHAT? SITTING HERE WITH ALL THE LIGHTS TURNED OUT? I'M SURPRISED!

Daughter: BUT, DADDY, DEAR—YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY . . .



The Latest Ford Joke

The Counsellor

I MET a man, the other day—
A kindly man, and serious—
Who viewed me in a thoughtful way,
And spoke me so, and spoke me thus:
"Oh, dallying's a sad mistake;
'Tis craven to survey the morrow!
Go give your heart, and if it break—
A wise companion is Sorrow.
Oh, live, my child, nor keep your soul
To crowd your coffin when you're dead."...
I asked his work; he dealt in coal,
And shipped it up the Tyne, he said.

Dorothy Parker.

Are the Bible and Science Irreconcilable? Emphatically No, Says Noted Writer and Tells Story to Prove It

ONCE upon a time—æons and æons ago—there lived on the earth only a tiny molecule called Atom.

Atom was very happy for a while, what with all the privacy he enjoyed; what with unlimited idleness; what with the opportunity to muse at length upon the mysteries of Nature; what with —? You may well ask.

For with the coming of the glacial period and the long quiet nights—nights that were always cool no matter how hot the days were—Atom grew lonesome. He felt the need of companionship.

Stretching his arms heavenward (they were really only flagella-like tentacles: but why go into that?), he cried pathetically, "If...oh, if ...if only...if..."

And his prayer, inarticulate as it may sound to us of a later generation, was not permitted to go unheard or unanswered. For God came down upon the earth and gave Atom what he prayed for.

So in the beginning there were Atom and If.

Courtenay Akt.

After the Honeymoon

HITHERTO unpublished list of gifts from the bridegroom to the bride:

Six knives, six forks and six spoons.
Two sheets.
One bedside lamp.
Four bath towels.
One desk set.
Nine face towels.
One blanket.
Thirty-two individual cakes of soap in the original wrappers.
One Bible.

(This list is made available for publication through the courtesy of Hotel Splendor, the Commercial House, the Pullman Company, the Fall River Line, and the Gideons.)

Bill Sykes.

Steeping the Sabbath

Mother: JOHNNY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Johnny (from below): HELPING DADDY STIR THE MASH.

Mother: COME UPSTAIRS THIS MINUTE; IT'S TIME TO GET DRESSED FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS

"ACTUALLY, my dear, I'm ALL hot and BOTHered—I mean I am HONestly ready to ROLL over and BUTter myself with disMAY at this point because DID you see where it said in the PApers that a lot of simply POIsonous DOCtors in LONdon said that fifty-SEVen per CENT. of the DEbutantes who were presented at COURT had RHEUmatism in the KNEES? I mean did you ACtually ever HEAR of anything more UTterly perVERTed? And I mean it said that these DEBS were SIMply TREPidated when they sort of came IN to make their BOW before the King and QUEEN, my dear, because their KNEES SQUEAKED! — can you BEAR it? I mean I HONestly think it is the VILest iDEA I've ever KNOWN—I mean it SIMply SLAYS me, no less, because I ACtually think all this talk about these DEBS having KNEES that SQUEAKED because they had RHEUmatism is just a lot of *CALumly* because these DOCtors said these debs had RHEUmatism because they wore short SKIRTS—can you BEAR it? I mean did you ACtually ever hear of anything more abSURD, my dear, because you practicably never hear of anybody, getting SQUEAKS in their NECKS, do you know what I mean? But I honestly think there must be SOMEthing you could DO so your KNEES would not SQUEAK when you were being presented at COURT because I mean I think you could OIL them or something—I mean I ACtually DO!"

Lloyd Mayer.

Just Between, Etc.

"DID you fix the tea biscuits the way I told you to, Annie? Are they hot?"

"Sure, ma'am, they're all hot and buttered!"

JULY 28, 1927 VOL. 90. 2334

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by
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CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*
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F. D. CASEY, *Art Editor* LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary and Treasurer*

AT this writing there is still proceeding at Geneva a conference between the representatives of the United States, Great Britain, Japan, and possibly other countries, about how big a navy each of them ought to have and what kind of ships should be in it. Newspaper readers will have noticed headlines about this conference when the flying news, murders, intelligence about Mr. Ford and other regular items permitted. For a month past the thing has had on off-days a good deal of newspaper space and some attention, and one would think it would be getting somewhere by this time, but up to now it has not arrived anywhere. They may be sending out airplanes to look for it shortly. So long as there was a conference, one would prefer that it got somewhere, but it seems to have been a conference of experts with the usual differences of conviction and attitude.

Our leading expert has been Mr. Hugh Gibson, Ambassador to Belgium and native of Los Angeles, and considerably a product of diplomatic training as now imparted. That Mr. Gibson is a smart young fellow is generally agreed, and not so very young either, for he is forty-four years old, but inasmuch as he has lived out of the country most of the time since he became of age and has never run for office, nor so far as is recalled has had a divorce suit, nor killed anybody in a fight, nor flown to France, he is really not a very well-known citizen of our great country. How, coming to life in Los Angeles, he escaped service in the movies does not appear in the piece about him in the New York *Times Magazine* (July 10), which affords grateful information about his career.

Mr. Gibson is getting a lot of reputation out of the conference. His picture is in the paper and biographical pieces about him are printed. So far as appears, that is the main advantage which up to this writing has resulted for the United States from this conference. We shall want to know sometime or other whether Mr. Gibson was really a good man for this job or whether as is possible he was too expert. The proper attitude of minds about navies is that this habit of countries' shooting one another up is awfully silly, as well as preposterously expensive, and that we ought to do what we can to cut down the cost of it anyhow. Whether Mr. Gibson has had these sentiments in the front part of his mind or has been primarily occupied in seeing to it that no one put anything over on the United States one cannot say, but inquiry naturally turns to that point. Mr. Wythe Williams, correspondent for the New York *Times*, who is just now admiring Mr. Gibson at Geneva, says that though Lord Cecil of the British delegation hired a house and presumably a cook, and entertained the Japanese delegation, Mr. Gibson would not dine with him, preferring to talk with him at the American headquarters. Oh, well, that was not necessarily a sign of strength but rather one of apprehension. When gentlemen wish to agree they are quite apt to dine together.

Mr. Houghton, our Ambassador at London, said in effect the other day that the immediate cause of war was diplomatic experts. He is not one himself but just a glass blower detached for a while from his business. Perhaps his sort, used to life and doubtless abhorrent of waste, are better qualified to cut down navies.

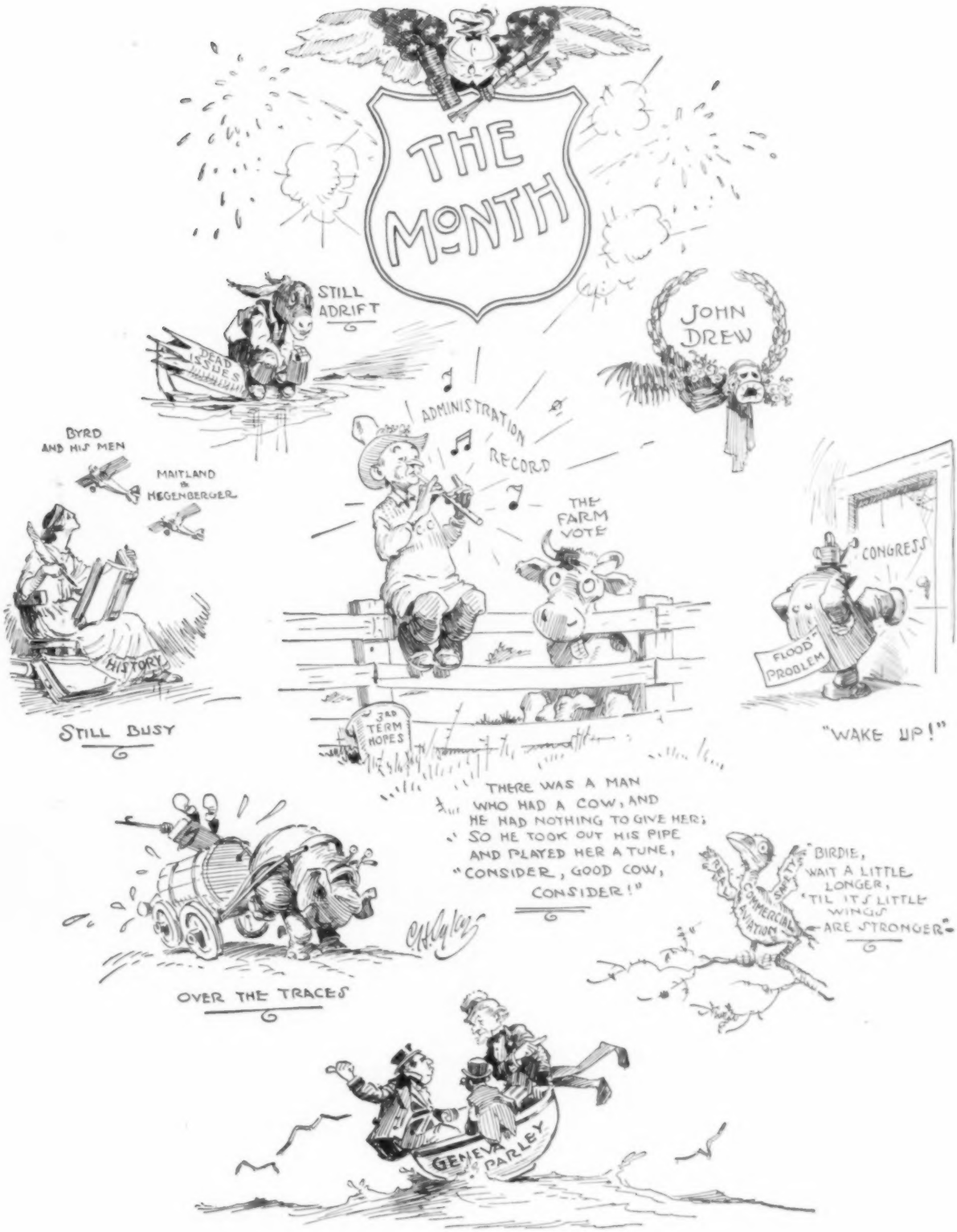
THE Jews are having almost too much fun with Henry Ford. Henry, for reasons best known to himself, having made profuse apology for all the nonsense he has printed about them in the *Dearborn Independent*, is now negotiating to discover on what terms they will welcome him as their long-lost friend. The latest demands are that he should fire two or three of the heads of the *Independent*.

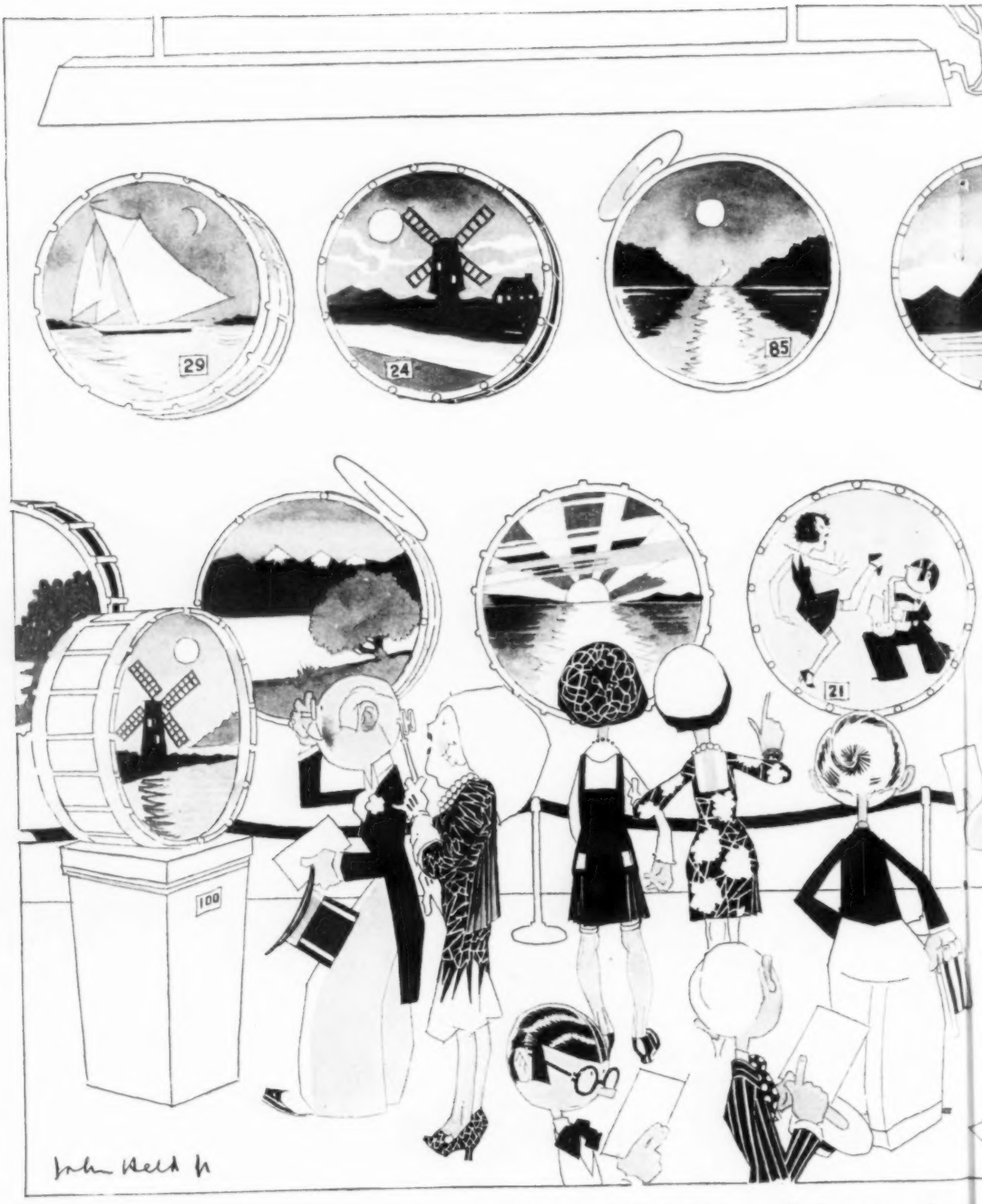
Since the great duty of admonition in the public press has got so mixed up with the advertising business it's coming to be unsafe to slam anybody any more. That condition, however, makes for the development of skill in the use of language. We may have to come back to oratory for relief of mind.

THE flood sufferers in the South continue to get notice in the papers. The bad cases are still in charge of the Red Cross. If the Red Cross did not have money enough to look after them we should probably hear of it. If Mr. Hoover felt that relief was inadequate he would probably say so. If Mr. Coolidge thought things were going ill enough to make a scandal, he might call Congress. But since the Red Cross does not complain, Mr. Hoover does not issue appeals and the President sits tight, the inference is that what can be done with money at the moment for the flood victims is being done, that the whole problem is being studied, and that Congress will be invited to pay attention to it as soon as is necessary.

Maybe so.

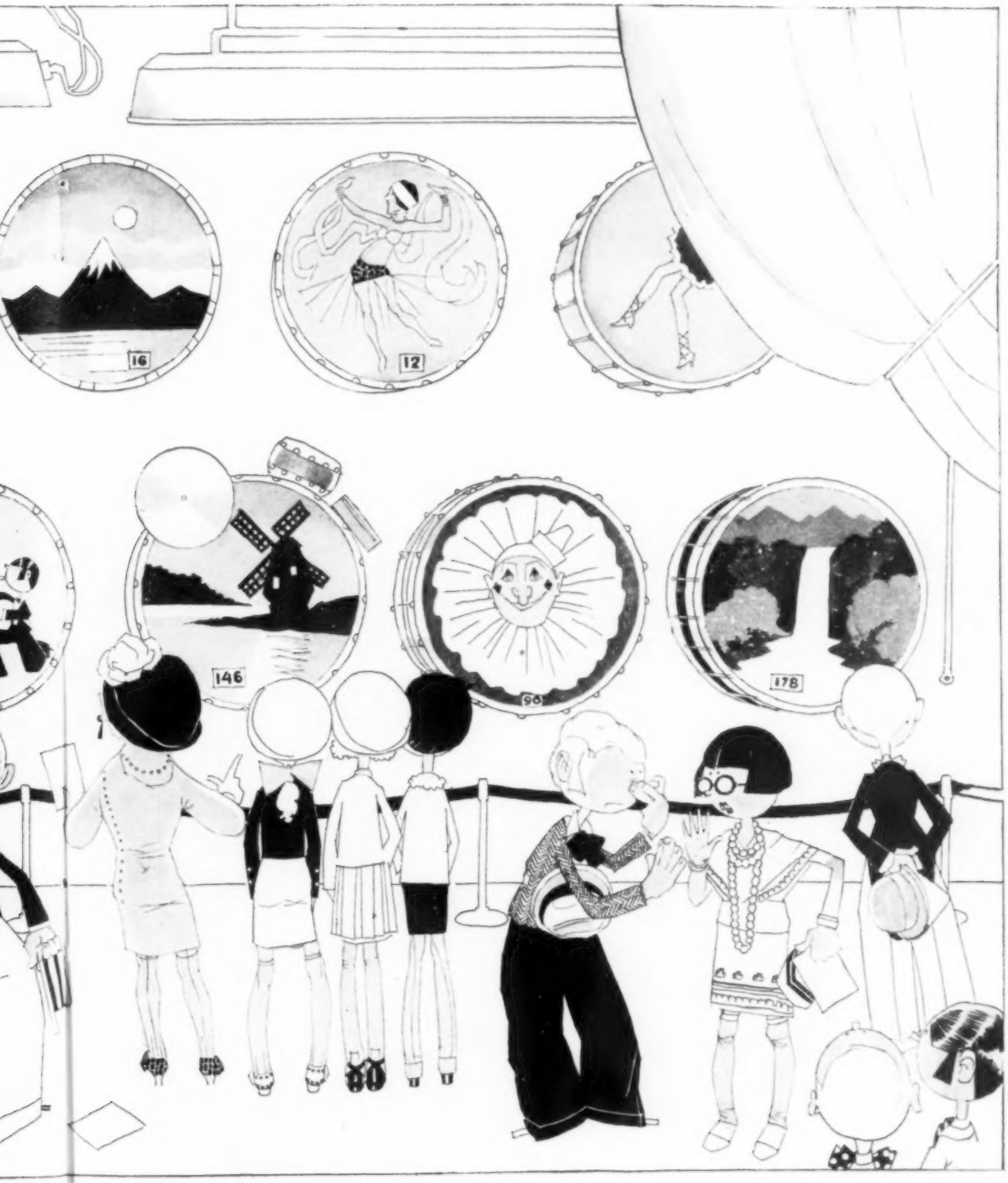
E. S. Martin.


THE MONTH
STILL ADRIFT
DEAD ISSUES
JOHN DREW
ADMINISTRATION RECORD
BYRD AND HIS MEN
MAITLAND & HEGENBERGER
HISTORY
THE FARM VOTE
CONGRESS
FLOOD PROBLEM
3RD TERM HOPES
STILL BUSY
"WAKE UP!"
THERE WAS A MAN WHO HAD A COW, AND HE HAD NOTHING TO GIVE HER; SO HE TOOK OUT HIS PIPE AND PLAYED HER A TUNE, "CONSIDER, GOOD COW, CONSIDER!"
OVER THE TRACES
SAFETY
COMMERCIAL AVIATION
"BIRDIE, WAIT A LITTLE LONGER, 'TIL IT'S LITTLE WINGS ARE STRONGER"
GENEVA PARLEY



Annual Exhibition of the American

Life



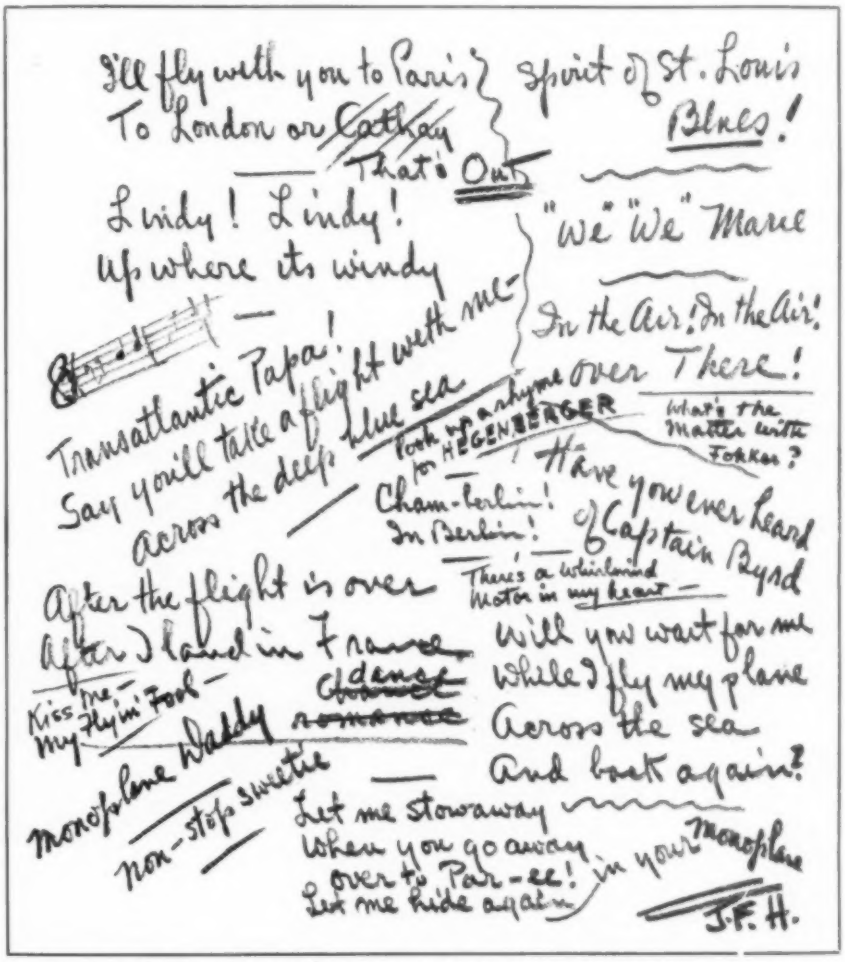
erican Academy of Bass Drum Decorators

The Dentist Fills His Pipe

Among the New Books

"THE WOMAN ON THE BALCONY," by Rose Caylor (*Boni & Liveright*), was a disappointment in a way, because instead of the old man murdered in his library which —or whom—I expected to find in the opening chapter, there was a reminiscent throwback to the adolescent days of the heroine which turned out to have less than the flowers that bloom in the spring to do with what followed. However, I am bound to set down that if anybody is looking for a tense presentation of the eternal triangle, one in which the victims writhe and swoon and have hysterics before the reader's very eyes, his quest should be ended herewith. The story is that of *Lewis Klasgen* and his wife and his mistress. The man's conduct and reactions are exactly what would be expected in the circumstances, and Miss Caylor is to be congratulated on her portrayal of this particular specimen of the infernal masculine. But it is a little difficult to credit the two nitwits which constitute the feminine part of the sketch. The wife calls her husband "lover" throughout the whole show, whether she is vouchsafing the information that she has bought a dog or reproaching him for his infidelity. Once in a while she varies it with "honey." Her campaign for keeping him technically tied to her is a study in tenacity for which the author should also be congratulated. As for poor *Lise Brandt*, who gets the extremely short end of things, three-fourths of her conversation is choked with sobs, and on page 168 her capacity for romantic torture is indicated thus: "Oh, how well she knew it—that love, that young love, when she used to lie in the dark, with her head propped up, her heart feverish, her eyes staring, all her senses fixed on a single idea—that she loved, that she was in love." Of course the old ladies on the veranda are going to think *Lise* got no worse than she deserved, walking into a respectable household like the *Klasgens'* and grabbing off the husband, but they cannot deny that the wretched creature paid and paid and paid, and it is her lavish expenditure in this respect which convinces me that she was not quite right in the head. "The Woman on the Balcony" will be meat for females with persecution complexes, and will make clearer what Meredith meant when he said that *Diana Warwick* was considered a woman of too much humor to be capable of a *grande passion*.

WHEN Barrie wrote the foreword for "The Young Visiters," he could not swear to the authenticity of the material, but in doing the same thing for the life and works of a certain "old visiter," John Galsworthy testifies that he has met and conversed, as far away as Johannesburg, with the writer and his editress, and therefore "Trader Horn" (*Simon & Schuster*) is no fake. Alfred Aloysius Horn is the old visiter, Ethelreda Lewis is his impresario, and one of the most delightful books in a decade came about in this wise. One morning Mrs. Lewis was sitting on her stoep in Johannesburg when an old man peddling kitchenware came up the path and proffered his wares. He took her polite refusal to buy with such philosophy and speed that she detained him, bought a gridiron which she didn't need, and found that he had a story of such size and fascination that she induced him to come to her once a week with written chapters of his reminiscences of more than fifty years on the Ivory Coast. He took to the writing game as a duck to (*Please turn to page 29*)



PAGE FROM A SONG-WRITER'S NOTEBOOK AFTER THE TRANSOCEANIC FLIGHTS.

THE STUFF THAT GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS ARE MADE OF IS DEVELOPED IN THE LITTLE GIRLS AT THE BRANCHVILLE CAMP, WHERE THEY LEARN GAILY THAT BEDS AND PLENTY OF GOOD FRESH AIR GO SPLENDIDLY TOGETHER.

LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children

LAST week—a screeching game of ball in a vacant lot. Cans and squalor. Heat. Towering tenements. Policemen. Whistles. Flight. Swarming streets. Elevated trains. Anger. Fights. Tears. THE SLUMS!

This week—a well-directed game in a green field. Airy Camp buildings. Breezes. Trees. Sleeping tents. Swimming pools. Good food. Care. Friendliness. Joy. THE CAMPS!

As our old friend Shakespeare remarked, look on this picture, then on that, and find happiness in your own heart because you have made this difference of life possible for some poor little child.

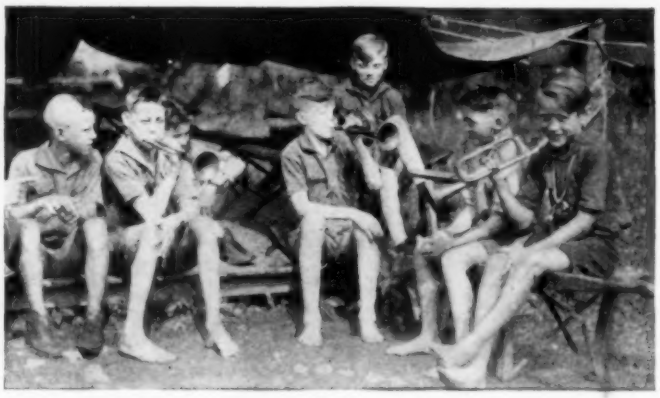
Summer is here with a vengeance now. Each morning the rickety buildings that house the families of the Lower East Side of New York tumble their small inhabitants into the unsanitary and dangerous streets. There they may look after themselves, gather such knowledge as the gutters afford and scramble through the day as well as they may. Their food is an abomination, and their whole life a horror of poverty and neglect.

Think what it must mean, then, for one of these children to be sent to the sweet, cool country for eighteen happy days! Think what LIFE'S Camps must stand for in such young minds! First station this side of Paradise, we imagine.

WHEN SEWING IS MADE A GAME IT ISN'T SO HARD TO LEARN TO PUT THAT PATCH ON.

The Camp for boys is at Pottersville, New Jersey, and there added to the good old rural delights of the place are the Indian and Scout lore taught by the wise counsellors. The nature study, the swimming, the rules of the game, the sporting attitude.

The Girls' Camp at Branchville, Connecticut, is very lovely indeed. Here, tired "big sisters" and "little mothers," worn-out baby drudges, and those others, the city-sick little children of the slums, discover with bursting hearts the new joys of being cared for and the wide magic of the green country.



PAUL WHITEMAN IS A BIG, STRONG MAN, BUT THE BOYS KNOW THAT HE'D JUST TREMBLE WITH FEAR IF HE COULD HEAR THE RIVAL SYNCOPATION THAT THE POTTERSVILLE BAND IS PUTTING OVER THIS YEAR.

Why, you never saw such a brand of happiness as flourishes at both of LIFE'S Camps! "Fun," the children call it, but they find something much deeper than that. Something that lasts and is taken gratefully back to the dreary tenements when the wonderful eighteen days are over.

Now, of course, all this has been said here to make you see some-

(*Cont. on page* 30)

The Cool of Eve

OH, Eve, Eve, how could you,
Walking in Eden's glade,
A slender, white-skinned figure,
Dappled with sun and shade!

For Sunday morn a lily
You braided into your hair;
Your sweet breath was a perfume,
The Lord God called you fair.

And now at noon on Sabbath,
To styles I so defer
That I sit swathed in folds of silk,
And wear a summer fur.

And while the text is given out,
The flaming sun burns higher,
And I, who should be worshipful,
Sit breathless and perspire.

Oh, Eve, Eve, how could you,
Your bare feet in the grass,
For just one bite of apple
Bring such a fate to pass?

With that one horrid tidbit,
The styles you so revised,
That could you see me, here in church,
Oh, Eve, you'd be surprised!

C. B. U.

And How!

("Are you tongue-tied without your secretary?"—*Advertisement.*)

"OH good morning Mr. Bleep now I do hope you haven't a lot of long letters this morning my goodness I feel like something the cat found in the ash-barrel my gentleman friend you know and we went dancing after the theatre not that I would think of taking a thing only maybe a little gin but my goodness I feel so sleepy now let's begin and get it over with because my goodness I never felt so terrible and the prices they charge you in those places oh there goes the point on my pencil well never mind I have another one and are you going to write another one of those long letters full of those crazy words to that Mr. well if you are I just won't be responsible and I do think that's the cutest tie you have on now please Mr. Bleep let's get right down to business oh there's my telephone ringing excuse me a minute I'll be right back."

H. W. H.

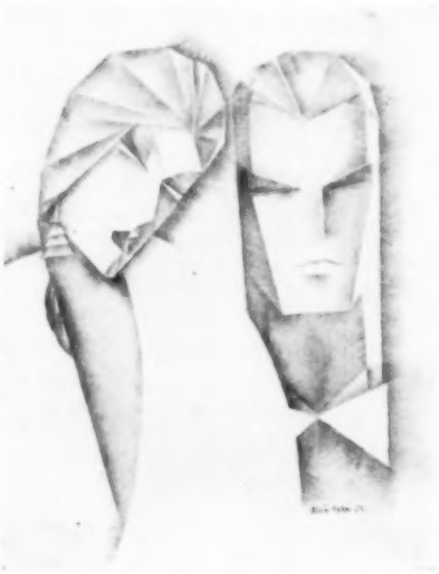
First Gold-Digger: I'M BEING TAKEN TO CARTIER'S TO-MORROW TO GET SOME PEARLS.

Second Gold-Digger: DON'T BE SO DUMB, MAMIE. YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL THIS MONTH HASN'T ANY "R" IN IT.

The Motion-Picture Producer Becomes President of a Railroad

"WHAT'S this line called? The Z., P. and W.? That's a terrible title. We need something snappy—something with a lot of box-office appeal. I hear the Union Pacific is doing good business. Why not call our road 'The Union Atlantic'?...Let's fire a lot of people quick. All my wife's relations need jobs....I don't like none of the maps around this office. Throw 'em all in the wastebasket. Hire an artist to draw me some new maps. Tell him we got to have 'em first thing to-morrow morning and don't give him no money in advance....Who's waiting to see me? The Interstate Commerce Commission? Let 'em wait a couple of hours—then tell 'em I'm in conference and can't see anybody until next winter....I know where we can pick up a lot of old derricks cheap. We'll buy 'em and hire some guy to change 'em into punches for our conductors....It costs too much to run trains all year 'round. We'll run twice as many trains for the next month. Then we'll close down the railroad and lay everybody off while I take a long rest in Europe."

Robert Lord.



She (admiringly): GOSH, BILL, YOU PET WITH PERFECT TECHNIQUE! HOW DO YOU KEEP IN TRAINING?

He: I WAS STROKING THE WELLESLEY CREW ALL SPRING.

Is It Love?

MABLE: Do you think Clarice really likes Bobby?

ALICE: She doesn't know yet. She's going to that famous Vienna psychiatrist to find out.

The Gay Nineties

MEMBERS OF THIS GENERATION, PERUSING THE FAMILY ALBUM AND SEEING BABY PICTURES OF MOTHER AND FATHER SPRAWLED STARK NAKED ON A GOATSKIN RUG, MAY GET THE IMPRESSION THAT INFANTS OF THE NINETIES WERE SHINING MARKS FOR PNEUMONIA. THEREFORE, WE SUBMIT THE ABOVE HOMEY GROUP TO SHOW THAT A BABY'S STREET COSTUME OF THE PERIOD WENT A *long way* TO OFFSET THE COSTUME HE WORE AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S.

A First Reader for Summer Resort Advertisement Writers

Q. WHERE is our place located?

A. In the beautiful —— Mountains, at an elevation of —— feet, situated on an eminence overlooking the —— River.

Q. Is our hotel fireproof?

A. Yes, with automatic sprinkler system.

Q. Has our hotel any of the modern conveniences?

A. All of them: hot and cold running water and telephone in every room, private tub and shower baths, electric elevator, automatic refrigerating system and laundry, beauty parlor and barber shop.

Q. Describe our rooms.

A. Every room is an outside one, commanding a beautiful view of the surrounding country, each well furnished; the beds are luxurious in the extreme.

Q. Have we any special divertissements to offer our guests?

A. Yes. A sporty golf course, tennis, fishing, riding, swimming, dancing and orchestra, mountain climbing, unusual wild flowers, excellent cuisine, splendid service, famous Mineral Water, and first-run moving pictures.

Q. How are our rates?

A. Very reasonable. From twelve to twenty dollars a day.

John Henly Tyree.

He Forgot to Remember

RUB: Why did Curlew quit the wrestling game?

DUB: He got so he couldn't remember how the match was supposed to turn out!

Lunch, Brothers, Lunch!

("Refreshments, including coffee, lager beer, wine, and sandwiches, are now served on certain of the tramcars running in Vienna."—*London Answers.*)

SCENE: *The buffet-tram "Franz Joseph." A passenger has just come on board.*

THE CONDUCTOR: Ah, good morning, mein Herr. The *gedämpfte Rinderbrust* is very good today.

THE PASSENGER: No, thank you. I will have a glass of beer, a *marinirte* herring and a transfer.

ANOTHER PASSENGER: The coffee is very bad.

A THIRD PASSENGER: What can you expect? The motorman on this tram is no cook.

THE MOTORMAN: I heard what you said. Shall I stop the car and make fresh coffee, or shall I attempt to keep up to the running time?

HALF THE PASSENGERS: Yes!

THE OTHER HALF: No!

(*A lot of new customers entrain.*)

THE NEW CUSTOMERS: A beer! Two frankfurters! A schnitzel—and quickly. Three beers! A roast duck with red cabbage!

THE CONDUCTOR: One at a time, please. Watch your step and be careful with your forks. The car is very crowded.

A PASSENGER: So it is. Lady, will you accept my roast ham?

THE LADY: I thank you, sir, but I am on a diet.

THE CONDUCTOR: That makes no difference. You will have to pay a cover charge, anyway.

THE LADY: Then I will have a cup of tea.

THE PASSENGER: I shall ring the bell for you.

THE CONDUCTOR: Ah, the bell rings. Who wants to get off?

THE PASSENGER: Nobody. This lady wants a cup of tea.

THE CONDUCTOR: That is not the cup-of-tea bell. That is the getting-off bell. Some one will have to get off.

THE PASSENGER: Nobody wants to get off. Start the car.

THE CONDUCTOR: I cannot until somebody gets off. Sir, did you ring the bell?

THE FIRST PASSENGER: Yes, but I do not wish to get off. I wish to ride to the Kursaal.

THE CONDUCTOR: Then you should not have rung the getting-off bell. You cannot disrupt the rules.

"HERE'S THAT MRS. FINNICK WITH HER OLD THIRD-HAND FLIVVER."
"WHAT, AGAIN? THAT WOMAN'S GETTING TO BE A REGULAR HYPOCHONDRIAC ABOUT THAT CAR."

THE PASSENGER: Very good. I respect the rules. But in my mind I think not-nice things about you. Give me a transfer.

THE CONDUCTOR: Sir, I gave you a transfer.

THE PASSENGER: You did not give me a transfer.

THE CONDUCTOR: Sir, I did give you a transfer. I gave you a small green transfer. There is a piece of it on your plate.

"WHAT WAS THE BIG SCANDAL AT THE FANCY DRESS PARTY LAST NIGHT?"
"AN ARTIST'S MODEL ARRIVED."
"WELL?"
"SHE WAS WEARING HER BUSINESS SUIT."

THE PASSENGER: Heavens, was that a transfer? I thought it was a lettuce sandwich. It was not very good, either.

THE CONDUCTOR: Will you please get off?

THE PASSENGER: Wait, I have an idea. If I get off, may I get right back on again?

THE CONDUCTOR: Have I not enough to do without entering upon abstract questions of conduct?

THE PASSENGER: Wait! That sounds perfectly logical. Let him get off and get on again.

THE PASSENGER: In which case I might as well stay where I am.

THE CONDUCTOR: What!

THE PASSENGERS: What! What! What!

THE CONDUCTOR: You are not content to get off and get back on? You are questioning the fundamentals of our system?

THE PASSENGERS: Yes, he is questioning the fundamentals of the system.

THE CONDUCTOR: Gentlemen—in which case . . . (*The passenger is thrown off—and about time, too.*)

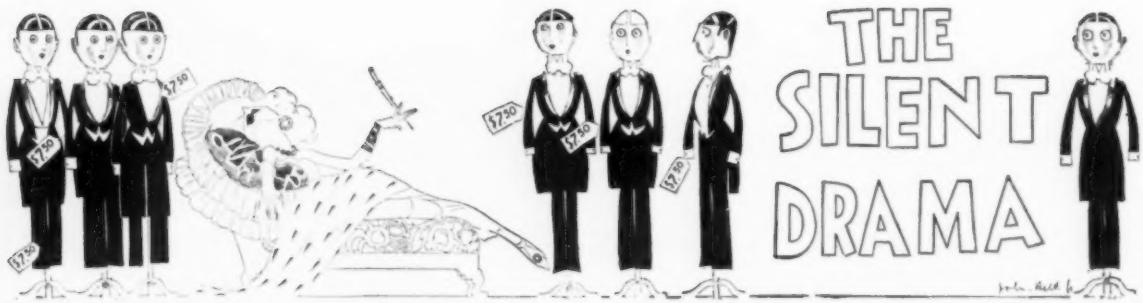
Henry William Hanemann.

A Long Time Between Installments

SALESMAN: What terms would you prefer?

CUSTOMER: Oh, I think I'll take it on the wrestling plan—a dollar down, and the rest cash-as-cash-can.

SOME politicians ought to have a price tag attached



"Ten Modern Commandments"

As I write this review, I remember that, only a few hours ago, I saw a picture called—let's see, where did I put that program? Oh, here it is, crumpled up in the pocket where I keep my old cigar coupons—it was called "Ten Modern Commandments," and its star was Esther Ralston.

As I remember it, it was something or other about a chorus girl; in fact, there seem to have been several chorus girls—thousands of them—and they all had legs. I'm positive that they all had legs, because they did a great deal of kicking with them.

Then there was something about a song—and a detective—and a hero who was lost or something—and a misunderstanding. About this part of it, I'm not entirely clear, but I assume that it turned out well, as I distinctly remember that Miss Ralston kissed somebody or other just as the picture ended.

Miss Ralston also had legs.

The foregoing isn't what you would call a particularly constructive criticism. As I look it over, I realize that I have not subjected "Ten Modern Commandments" to a scientific analysis, nor have I drawn any conclusions from it which will be of guidance to the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Corporation in future. In short, I have failed to fulfill my sacred obligations as a keen critic.

This is, however, an exceedingly hot afternoon—and "Ten Modern Commandments," as I remember it, was a pretty punk picture.

"Fast and Furious"

Whenever you see a character, on the stage or the screen, who has a particular aversion for, or a desperate, neurotic fear of, some form of athletic activity, you can place a safe bet to the effect that ultimately he will be mistaken for the champion in that branch of athletic activity and will be compelled to impersonate the champion in a gruelling contest. Further, you can also bet that he will win the contest (and the girl) after a series of farcical mishaps.

"The Hottentot," "Sporting Youth," "Going Up," "Introduce Me," "Battling Butler"—these are a few cases in which those who followed my advice and placed their wagers accordingly would have cleaned up tidy sums.

"Fast and Furious," a new vehicle for Reginald Denny, is another. It proves to be moderately amusing but—owing to the fact that it departs in no way from the established farce formula—it lacks the element of surprise in any of its developments.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

The Way of All Flesh. Emil Jannings as a Milwaukee bank cashier who gets into trouble with a blonde. It is a marvelous performance and an exceptionally interesting picture.

Old San Francisco. The inside dope on the San Francisco earthquake set forth melodramatically and foolishly, with Dolores Costello to rest the eyes.

The Unknown. Lon Chaney does things with his toes and is even more repulsive than usual.

The Missing Link. A hit-or-miss gag comedy, featuring Syd Chaplin and a trained monkey. Both of them are funny.

Vanity. Leatrice Joy in a DeMille society drama of the standard type.

The Telephone Girl. Holbrook Blinn saves this one from being just another celluloid newspaper serial.

Resurrection. Some fine acting by Dolores Del Rio and some superb directing by Edwin Carewe.

The Secret Studio. Olive Borden strips effectively, but that isn't enough to make this fourth-rate film worthy of attention (and please understand that I mean no offense to Miss Borden).

Tillie the Toiler. I can't say that I cared much for this one, either.

Seventh Heaven. Janet Gaynor establishes herself as a star in a very nice picture.

The King of Kings. A pretentious and beautiful pageant of New Testament scenes and characters, which is dignified but not always impressive.

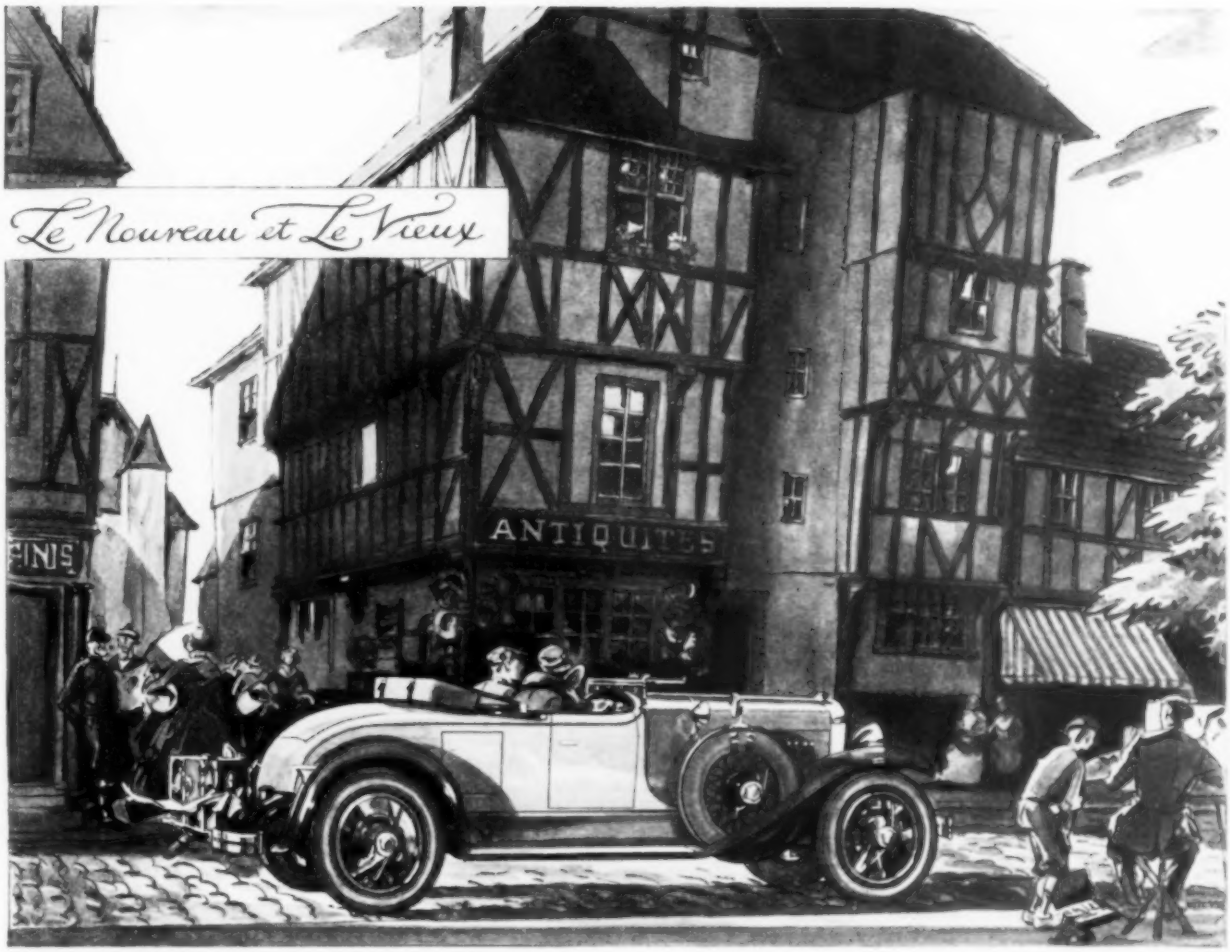
Camille. Norma Talmadge wears modern clothes in the old, old story of blasted romance.

Annie Laurie. I sometimes wonder what George Jean Nathan and Joseph Hergesheimer think about Lillian Gish's performance in this one.

Chang; Stark Love; Slide, Kelly, Slide; Old Ironsides; Beau Geste; What Price Glory and **The Big Parade.** All excellent.

The Power of Suggestion

IN A SUCCESSFUL DENTIST'S WAITING-ROOM.



LA SALLE—THE PRE-PROVED CAR

Nothing less than a quarter-century's experience in the manufacture of fine motor cars—plus the facilities of the great General Motors Corporation—could have made the La Salle possible at today's price. The La Salle overshadows any six-cylinder car, and compares with but a single eight—the famous 90-degree, V-type, eight-cylinder Cadillac.

FOR A SMALL DOWN PAYMENT—with the appraisal value of your used car acceptable as cash—you may possess a La Salle on the liberal term-payment plan of the General Motors Acceptance Corporation—the famous G. M. A. C. plan.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN OSHAWA, CANADA

MANUFACTURED · COMPLETELY · BY · THE · CADILLAC · MOTOR · CAR · COMPANY · WITHIN · ITS · OWN · PLANTS.

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"

Girl: I'M SURE I CAN SMELL CLOTHES BURNING.
Youth: IT'S ONLY MY FAG-END.
Girl: WHERE IS IT?
Youth: 'OW SHOULD I KNOW WHERE IT WENT?
—*Punch (London), by permission.*

Retrospection

A SMALL boy was seen sitting moodily on the front porch of his home.

"What makes you so downcast?" a friendly neighbor inquired.

"Well," replied the boy, "if I had it to do over again I wouldn't eat up sister's lipstick—even for spite."

—*Youngstown Telegram.*

"Well, You See, It's This Way . . ."

THE sad plight of the wife of the editor of one of the sex magazines has been reported to us. The other night she said to him wistfully: "Henry, you never make love to me any more," to be put off with: "Darling, I don't like to talk shop at home."—*New Yorker.*

A Question of Time

"DEAREST, I will love you perpetually, eternally, ceaselessly, everlastingly."

"Yes, but how long will you love me?"

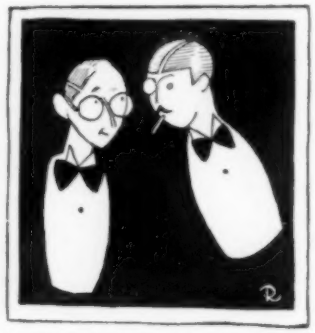
—*Louisville Satyr.*

Emotional Rôles

MEMBER OF THE CHORUS (*in the wings*): The leading lady must be a wonderful actress. She's won every divorce case she's gone in for.

—*Smith's Weekly (Sydney).*

IN a nervous town it's a pretty good idea to stop your motor when you stop in front of a bank.—*Detroit Free Press.*



"A WOMAN COULD MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF YOU IN TEN MINUTES."
"MAYBE, BUT THINK OF THOSE TEN MINUTES."
—*Penn State Froth.*

A Telling Line

IF all the passenger automobiles in the United States are placed end to end—you may know that it's Sunday afternoon.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

IT'S certainly a pleasure to see flying youth crowd flaming youth out of the headlines.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Still in Their Infancy

THE ascetic, monastic and generally puritanic influence of Mr. Will Hays on the American movies, as glimpsable in a New York cinema ad announcing a masterpiece entitled:

"The Way of All
FLESH"

—*Chicago Evening Post.*

Literary Criticism

A BURGLAR broke into the home of an Indiana author and after reading over a number of his manuscripts selected one of his suits of clothes.

—*Detroit News.*

Twin Complaints

EDWARD, a colored boy, had recommended his mother for the position of cook, but when she came the farmer's wife asked doubtfully: "Do you suppose you will be able to do the work? You don't look very healthy."

"Yes, ma'am, I is able. I ain't nuvver been noways sickly in my life—ain't nuvver had nothin' but smallpox an' Edward."—*Country Gentleman.*

Sabbath Observance

MOTHER: I don't think, darling, that you should play cards on Sunday.

HAROLD: But, Mummy, we're not playing properly, we're only cheating.

—*Boston Transcript.*

ACCORDING to the greatest pessimist of our acquaintance, life isn't worth leaving.

—*New York World.*

Jones (all in one breath): HULLO, BROWN, OLD MAN! MUST BE QUITE TEN YEARS SINCE I SAW YOU. HOW ARE YOU? WELL, I MUST BE GETTING ALONG NOW. HOPE TO SEE YOU LOOKING AS WELL IN ANOTHER TEN YEARS' TIME!

—*Windsor Magazine (London).*

As Lonely as Lindbergh in Paris

The flying ace was in the eighteenth day of his great trip around the world. A few more days and wealth and glory would be his. Suddenly the engine started missing and then stopped altogether. The plane glided swiftly to earth and landed—in the midst of the vast Sahara Desert.

Out of gas! Alone and lost in the great desert wastes with only the billowing sand as far as the eye could see. Face to face with the horrors of desert thirst and the pitiless desert sun. Aid and shelter nowhere in sight—perhaps a thousand miles away.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a babel of voices.

"Let's get you climbing out of the cockpit." "Wave your hand and smile." "Try that again." "A little closer." "That's better!"

And then thirty-seven news-reel cameramen started grinding away.

—*Brevity (Philadelphia).*

Another Diploma Mill

"I graduated from an automobile school."

"What's your class honk?"

—*Alabama Rammer-Jammer.*

"I'M GETTING HIM USED TO IT, IN CASE WE GO TO THE SEASHORE."
—*Le Journal (Paris).*

"Don't put all your eggs in one basket, or all your family in one car on Sunday."—*Abe Martin, in Indianapolis News.*

Music

There is a piece my neighbor's daughter plays on the piano, a touching little thing that never fails to fill me with a wistful emotion when I hear it. I think of a little cottage in the country with a neat white paling fence enclosing an old-fashioned garden. Near by is a young birch grove, and the dusty white road in the front goes down through pleasant green fields to the purple hills in the distance. Birdsongs, quiet, peace! Oh, that blessed silence! Far away from that damned piece my neighbor's daughter plays on the piano!—*Toronto Goblin.*

Glass of Soda with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters a good tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

So Considerate!

"Are your children thoughtful of you?" asked the neighbor.

"Oh, very," beamed the mother. "When they get home in the morning they always bring in the milk and put it in the ice-box for me."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Mexican rebel General is now in Chicago on a holiday. We presume that he has gone there for the shooting.

—*Punch.*

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Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected.

The Nature-Lovers

Bottled Carbonated Beverages

These taste-tempting drinks also are known by less formal names . . . *tonics* in New England . . . *soda water* in Dixie . . . *soda pop* in the Mid West . . . *soft drinks* in the Far West . . . and we all know the *ginger ales*. Call them what you will, but drink your fill—they're good and good for you!

Take along a case!

BEWARE the menace of roadside wells and springs. Such water is often dangerous to health. *Play safe!* Drink refreshing, delicious bottled carbonated beverages, made from pure water, finest sugar and wholesome taste-tempting flavors.

SPONSORED BY

SENT FREE: Write for "*Recipes for Housewife and Hostess*." Frozen desserts, delicious punches, dainty salads. A. B. C. B., 857 Bond Building, Washington, D. C.

There's a BOTTLER *in your town!*

Conditions of the Great Alibi Contest

(*Please turn to page* 11 *for other information.*)

EACH week we will publish a different picture in the ALIBI CONTEST—the picture this week being marked "ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-THREE."

The first prize of $50.00 will be awarded each week to the contestant who, in the opinion of the Judges, furnishes the cleverest and most ingenious conclusion to the sentence which starts, "Well, you see, it's this way. . . ." Five second prizes of $10.00 each will be awarded to the runners-up.

Answers must not exceed twenty-five words in length; this word limit, however, is not intended to include the captions under the Contest pictures as originally published in LIFE.

There is no limit to the number of answers to each Contest picture that any one contestant may submit. Nor is it necessary for a contestant to submit answers to more than one of the Contest pictures to be eligible for a prize.

The Judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE. In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

Answers should be typewritten or clearly written on one side of the paper. Every single sheet of manuscript submitted must be plainly marked with the contestant's name and address. The Judges cannot undertake to return any of the manuscripts submitted in this Contest.

Answers to ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-THREE should be so marked, and sent to ALIBI CONTEST EDITOR, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City. All answers to ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-THREE must reach LIFE's office before 12 noon on August 11, 1927. Announcement of the winners will be made in the issue of September 1, 1927.

The Contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers to LIFE. Members of LIFE's staff, and their families, are barred from competition in the Contest.

That's Easy

"WONDER if the public is reading my stuff?" said the columnist to the editor.

"Make a big break and see," the editor replied.—*Florida Times-Union.*

BOW LEGS?

THIS GARTER (Pat'd)

Makes Trousers Hang Straight

IF LEGS BEND IN OR OUT

Free Booklet—Plain Sealed Envelope

The T. GARTER CO. Dept. 3, New London, New Hampshire

Among the New Books

(*Continued from page* 19)

water, and eagerly discussed his points of departure after each installment. Mrs. Lewis records these conversations faithfully at the end of each chapter, and, needless to say, they are the life and *raison d'être* of the book.

You will simply *love* Trader Horn. There is a drawing of him by Noel Wallace in the front of his book which reveals him as the kind of old man Dudley Digges would look like in the facial make-up of seventy-three plus a long white pointed beard. His observations are what the *jeunesse dorée* call priceless. He is not above a crack at Livingstone, "whom ladies in Hyde Park prayed for and sent the wherewithal," pointing out that he himself went into the wilds of Africa with a gun and Manchester cotton, not a Bible. He writes with a constant and naïve eye on the American reader: "If a book's to be sold in America, you must keep an eye on the novelties," "'Twould tickle the Americans to know that our elocution teacher at St. Edward's was Edwin Booth, the brother of the man who shot Lincoln," "The Americans won't stand tragedy," etc. His hatred of the French pops up amusingly throughout his discourse, and he sums up our own countrymen in "The Americans—a moral people except when it comes to murder and so on."

There are to be, it appears, further revelations from Trader Horn. I hope so. In conclusion of this one, he says to Mrs. Lewis, "The hope that comes from a literary horizon is of a breed harder to kill than most. . . . And all from that gridiron I was twisting up one Sunday morning in my room, not knowing its peculiar properties. I knew you never wanted it."

Baird Leonard.

Considerate of the Cashier

First Yegg: Bill has an honest streak in him.

Second Ditto: What do you mean?

First: He always rings up "No Sale" when he opens the cash register durin' a holdup.—*Boston Transcript.*

Next Week—
ON THE COVER
A beautiful girl
caught in the
act of diving,
by
JOHN LAGATTA

Men Are Changing

By Scores of Thousands

From old-type shaving soaps to this unique creation—let us send you 10-day tube to try

Gentlemen:

80% of the present users of Palmolive Shaving Cream once were wedded to rival preparations. Millions have discarded old-type shaving soaps for it.

We won them over by giving them liberal test tubes of this unique creation to try. Then asked them to compare with present favorites.

Now we seek a like opportunity of proving results to you.

We believe you'll find that 5 major mistakes in shaving preparations have been corrected. And shaving thus given a new element of comfort, speed and pleasure.

These 5 advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Let us prove this

We ask your permission to prove these things—to send you a tube to try. We are masters of soap making. One of our soaps—Palmolive—is the leading toilet soap of the world. We have worked hard to excel in a Shaving Cream. We made up and tested 130 formulas before we attained our ideal.

Do us the kindness to mail this coupon, for your sake and for ours.

THE PALMOLIVE-PEET COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. Here are new delights for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

3616

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1353, Palmolive, 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

(Please print your name and address)

Their mildness lends an added charm to smoking. And—wrapped in *heavy* foil—they're always fresh.

P. S. If you play bridge, let us send you our attractive new Marlboro Bridge Score —mailed free upon request.

MARLBORO CIGARETTES

Mild as May

Created by

PHILIP MORRIS & Co. LTD Inc.
44 West 18th St., Dept. F10, New York

LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children

(*Continued from page* 20)

thing of the plight of these children, and of the Good Samaritanism of the Camps. The golden link connecting the two is—your heart. Without your heart and what it prompts you to do for this noble work the child and the camp must forever stay apart.

Twenty dollars ($20), approximately, pays for one child for eighteen days at either of the Camps. Will you send us Twenty dollars today?

If you can't send twenty, send *something*, anyway.

Remember that if twenty good people send us each a dollar, there—presto—is the vacation money for one small, panting, wistful boy or girl! So, scorn not the dollar. We have a very great respect for it. And a very great gratitude for the ones that are sent to us.

The thing is, will you — and we really mean *you* personally — help us get a whacking collection in the mail this week so that we can look August in the face and say, "Blaze away, old dear!" If we can tuck up some hundreds of tired, hot tenement children in the cool sleeping-tents of the Camps for the next few weeks, get them full of clean, fresh air and rich milk and happiness, we shall feel more content.

Now, how about it? May we look for a letter from you enclosing anything you can spare?

We thank you.

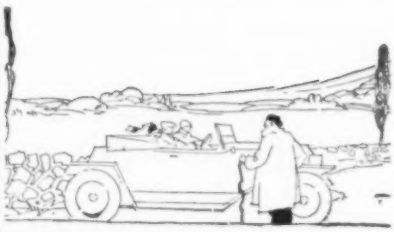
L. A. F.

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND *has been in operation for the past forty years. In that time it has expended $385,648.79 and has given a happy holiday in the country to 50,071 poor city children.*

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE *about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to* LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, *and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.*

Previously acknowledged	$9,825.01
Mary Maxwell, New York	20.00
H. C. Robertson, New York	25.00
Mrs. T. D. Thacher, New York	100.00
Joshua M. Holmes, Philadelphia	10.00
In memory of William Green, New York	25.00
Mrs. W. D. Hubbard, Hartford, Conn.	10.00
Harry H. Cooke, Philadelphia	10.00
Tony, Rochester, N. Y.	5.00
Blanche Adler, Baltimore, Md.	25.00
J. J. Gilbert, Washington, D. C.	20.00
Mrs. Pierre Gaillard, Washington, D. C.	10.00
Mrs. E. S. G. Harper, Philadelphia	15.00
Wm. Marriott Canby, Philadelphia	10.00
Luella Mary Allen, Brooklyn, N. Y.	20.00
In memory of James N. Dickey, Newburgh, N. Y.	10.00
Anonymous, Olean, N. Y.	25.00
Louis Morris Starr, Ridgefield, Conn.	25.00
I. H. F., New York	20.00
George A. Smith, Arlington, Mass.	20.00
William E. Sloan, Rochester, N. Y.	10.00
Gertrude Scheide Caldwell, Titusville, Pa.	100.00
Stanley A. Gillespie, Greenville, Pa.	10.00
Dr. and Mrs. Clarence R. Carlson, Lincoln, Neb.	25.00
	$10,375.01



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See more of Europe and a *different* Europe by renting a car and driving yourself. You do not need a chauffeur or any special knowledge. Everything has been made as simple as driving at home.

You can rent a car for about $50 a week. Most of this (if not all) can be saved by eating and sleeping at places where city charges are not made. Let others go by rail. You drive! Write to us for rate booklets and other information.

European Auto-Map *for* **$1.00**

As part of our service we will mail you a new auto-map of Europe for $1. (Others cost much more.) If you are going abroad this will prove invaluable. Write for it.

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25¢ and 75¢ Pkg's. Sold Everywhere

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AUTO SICKNESS

Journey by Sea, Train, Auto or Air in health and comfort. Mothersill's promptly ends the faintness and nausea of Travel Sickness. 34

75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct

The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.

New York Montreal
Paris London

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

25 Years In Use

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(*Continued from page* 10)

July 8th Reading in the publick prints that the stock which I was so set on buying last week has dropped eight points, I could not but reflect that Fortune does indeed bring in some boats that are not steered, for had I purchased according to my plan, I should now be more out of pocket than I could afford, and should have given Sam a reproachful topic for the rest of his life. Lord! when infrequent funds do scorch my cheque-book, I dare say it is better to lay them out for a valuable bauble than to gamble in a game wherein better men than Gunga Din have been trimmed, for as Gracie Smith says, she had liefer be fingering a string of well-matched pearls than watch Fleischmann's Yeast rise in the financial columns. A great bunch of roses this morning from Mistress Wright, and when she came in later to give me a massage I did enquire the wherefore of such beautiful generosity, and she quoth, "I did read in your journal that if you were rich you would send people flowers for no reason at all, so I thought you might like to receive some on the same grounds." Then we talked of this and that, in especial how the time of year is now at hand for the annual discussion of whether or not electric fans incite colds and pneumonia, and how people who have rented furnished houses will disown the contents even before you have crossed the threshold, and so up and off to the country to lunch with Lydia Loomis, and there was a woman there who thought Omaha was a State, nor was she nonplussed at finding herself in error, neither, thereby indicating the tendency which some persons have of boasting of things of which they should in reality be ashamed. Reading this night in "The Case Book of 'Sherlock Holmes," twelve stories said to be the last that will be published about my favorite detective, and I pray there may be no more truth in the rumor than in those about Patti and Bernhardt. *Baird Leonard.*

Forethought

"I'LL have to get a translation of this from the Latin prof.," remarked the puzzled graduate as he laid down the new diploma, "in case somebody asks me what it says."—*Detroit News.*

CLARK'S FAMOUS CRUISES

Jan. 16, 1928; Round the World (westward) $1250 up; Jan. 25, 1928, to the Mediterranean $600 up. *Europe stop-over.*

Norway—Mediterranean each Summer; $600

Rates include hotels, guides, drives, fees.

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N.Y.

Part of the Great Temple at Bhuvaneshwar

Tour Orient Ports

Attractive Roundtrip Fares

$600 Yokohama and return. Sail from Seattle returning from Yokohama to San Francisco via Honolulu. Or sail from San Francisco to Yokohama via Honolulu returning direct to Seattle.

$750 Manila and return. Sail from San Francisco for Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila, returning through the same ports and direct from Yokohama to Seattle. Or sail from Seattle for Yokohama and the other ports, returning from Japan to San Francisco via Honolulu.

$1250 Round the World. Sail from Seattle direct to Japan or from San Francisco to Honolulu, Japan, China, Manila, Malaya, Ceylon, Egypt, Italy, France, Boston, New York, Havana, Panama and California.

Enjoy the comfort and service of palatial President Liners. Outside rooms with beds, not berths. Luxurious public rooms. A world-famous cuisine. Liberal stopovers at any port with identical accommodations on subsequent liners. Like a cruise on a private yacht.

A Dollar Liner sails every week from Los Angeles and San Francisco for the Orient and Round the World; every two weeks from Boston and New York for the Orient via Havana, Panama and California; every two weeks from Naples, Genoa and Marseilles for Boston and New York.

An American Mail Liner sails every two weeks from Seattle for Japan, China and Manila.

Complete information from any steamship or railroad ticket agent or

Dollar Steamship Line
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32 Broadway - - - - New York
604 Fifth Ave. and 25 Broadway, New York
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1519 Railroad Ave. So. - Seattle, Wash.
110 South Dearborn Street - Chicago, Ill.
101 Bourse Bldg. - - Philadelphia, Pa.
514 W. Sixth Street - Los Angeles, Calif.
Dime Bank Building - - - Detroit
Robert Dollar Bldg. San Francisco, Calif.

Ten Weeks' Vacation

LIFE is planning another of its special tours into the realms of gaiety—and invites you to come along. For ten weeks, you will be shown the best of everything—in wit, in wisdom and in humor. You will be guided along the way by such expert observers as *ROBERT BENCHLEY, JOHN HELD, Jr., DOROTHY PARKER, RUSSELL PATTERSON, DON HEROLD, ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, BAIRD LEONARD, GLUYAS WILLIAMS, H. W. HANEMANN, RALPH BARTON, ELLISON HOOVER* and many others. It will be a ten-weeks' vacation from worry, depression and gloom—a ten-weeks' flight across the peaks of happiness and cheerfulness. . . . The little coupon in the corner is your ticket and passport on this delightful trip. Fill it out, enclose with it one trifling dollar, and send it posthaste to

Life

LIFE
598 Madison Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Please send me LIFE for ten weeks, for which I enclose One Dollar. (Canadian, $1.20; Foreign, $1.40)

.....

(429)

.....

.....

By the Year, $5.00
(Canadian, $5.80; Foreign, $6.60)

Coming—

TOURISTS' NUMBER—for all wanderers—foreign or domestic—by land, sea or air.

FEMININE NUMBER—a glowing tribute to our most popular sex.

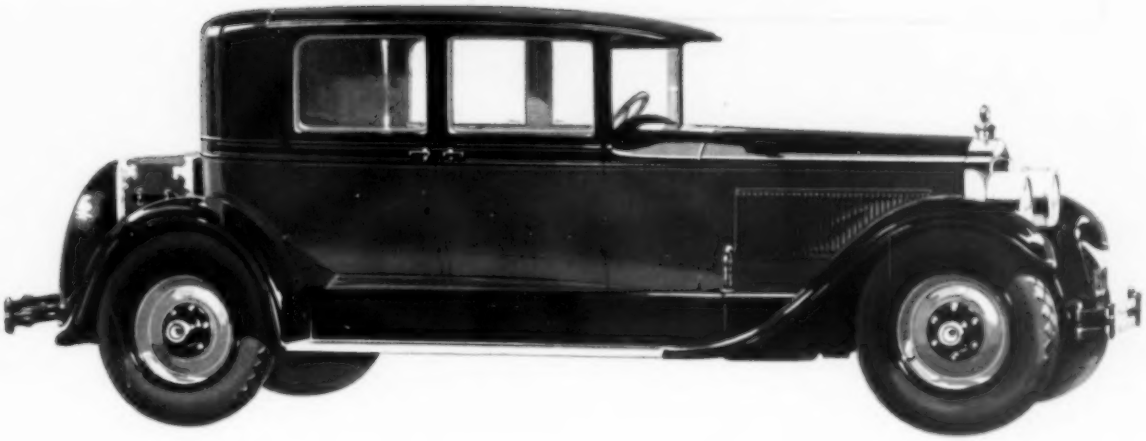
RADIO NUMBER—sweet melodies and squawks from the loud speaker.

FRESHMAN NUMBER—for the kiddies.

BUSH TERMINAL PRINTING CORPORATION, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

The Restful Car

"The supreme combination of all that is fine in motor cars"



Color, Nature abounds in beautiful and harmonious color combinations. The birds, the flowers, the sunset skies, set perfect examples—and point the way to brilliant color schemes all in perfect taste.

Yet what artistry is required in the selection of shades and tones to satisfy the modern vogue for color in motor cars! Packard has a special Board of Color made up of men of long experience and artistic judgment. These men create the standard color combinations which charm the eye in such wide variety on today's Packard Six. And they advise on the special requirements of those who buy the Packard Eight.

Whether Six or Eight is your choice you may be as sure of the charm and good taste of the Packard's color scheme as you are of its lasting beauty. For Packard lavishes as much care and effort on the unusual processes which preserve the car's color and finish as upon the selection of the shades which will appeal to Packard's discriminating clientele.

Nothing finer is offered anywhere in the world than the enduring brilliance of Packard cars —long in life and long in beauty of lines and finish.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

along the stretches of wide-shouldered Coast Highway north from Los Angeles, the Marmon 75 shows fleet, unwavering speed which brings it into San Francisco with a clean record of 11 hours 50 minutes for a 451-mile run time on the Daylight Limited – 12 hours

Series 75

large Marmon 75 Coupe Roadster (with rumble seat)

Out where days are long and miles are short

skimming along the winding roads of California—climbing into the mountain passes on the trails of the Yellowstone—wherever the highway leads, wherever safety with speed is essential, there you will find a preponderance of people who have chosen for what would ordinarily be an arduous trip, the Marmon 75 with those who demand unusual service of an automobile, Marmon has long been a habit, especially where great distances in a day are a matter of course and the traditional qualities of Marmon have never been quite so generously or so magnificently interpreted as in the new, large Marmon Series 75 it is the easiest riding car in the world today—and without question the most precisely built among fine cars a most interesting selection of body styles, $3195 and upward. Also the little Marmon 8, "America's first truly fine small car"—$1795 and upward. all prices f. o. b. factory

Marmon Jewel Colors to gain unique color effect and yet keep true harmony, Marmon has introduced a series of "jewel colors," a basic new idea in motor car color treatment these colors are in every sense of the word, coleurs naturelle, *derived directly from jewel stones, where nature has achieved her most unusual color harmonies while working in a hard substance*

MARMON